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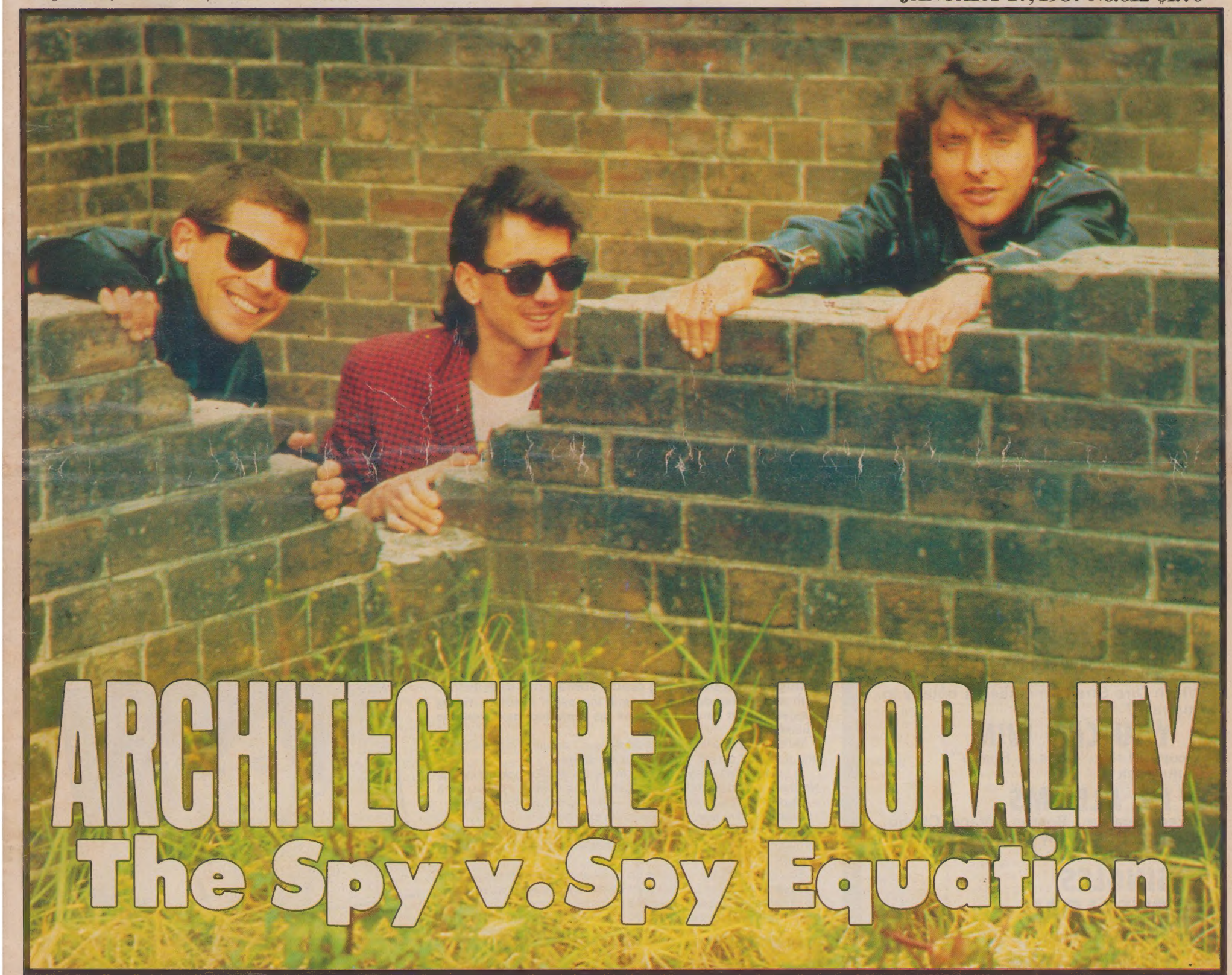

ARCHITECTURE & MORALITY
The Spy v. Spy Equation

AUSTRALIAN MADE
COMES ALIVE

Big Country · Spandau Ballet
Communards · Steve Vai · Red Guitars
Rose Tattoo · Cutting Crew

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DEAD KENNEDYS:

American hardcore band Dead Kennedys, already set to appear in court in the US over alleged "obscenity charges" are causing more fur to fly — this time in Britain.

The band have banned the HMV record store chain from selling their new *Bedtime For Democracy* album. The Kennedys discovered that the store was selling the LP without the 12-page newspaper that comes with the package.

The newspaper titled *F-k Facts*, details the current US censorship row, and their views as to why Jello Biafra is to face obscenity charges over a poster in the band's last LP *Frankenchrist*.

A spokesperson for the HMV chain said that the newspapers were not being sold with the LP because they feared they could contravene the Obscene Publication Act.

However, the Kennedys' UK label Alternative Tentacles didn't quite see it that way.

Its boss, Bill Gilliam, spluttered "this is blatant censorship. The store was quite happy to take the customers' cash for the record without giving away the newspaper which is an integral part of the package.

"As a result, HMV will not be given any more Dead Kennedys' records."

Gilliam was also incensed that some record stores were not only selling the package without the newspaper, but also jacking up the price!

The Kennedys have asked their fans to boycott any stores that sell the LP for over the retail price.

Meantime, the Kennedys' case is one that's going to arouse a lot of interest, as it reopens the whole question of rock censorship. It is thought that the Kennedys will introduce a plea called "demir" which claims the charge is inappropriate and does not apply.

Biafra himself says that his own case — as have been similar cases like the Ozzy Osbourne-caused-my-son-to-commit-suicide one — is merely an instance of parents trying to shift blame from themselves to someone/something else.

Said Biafra: "I think it's awfully irresponsible and lazy parenting to expect the cops to do the work for you. If I had a kid and the kid brought home something that rubbed my fur the wrong way, I wouldn't immediately call the cops and try to have the artist arrested.

"Nor would I confiscate the offending item right away . . . What I would do is sit the kid down and try to have a discussion with him. 'Hey look, what do you see in this, why do you like it. Tell me in an intelligent manner and maybe I'll understand. Now here's something I hope you'll understand, why I feel it's objectionable.'

On April 15, nine police officers broke a window by the front door of Biafra's flat in San Francisco, entered, and produced a search warrant allowing them to seize three copies of the *Frankenchrist* LP and a like number of its accompanying *Penis Landscape* poster by Swiss artist H.R. Giger, who'd also done the special effects for *Alien*.

On June 3, criminal charges were laid against Biafra — and three others. They were:

- a record distributor
- a former business partner of Biafra's
- the 67-year old owner of the company that pressed the vinyl and inserted the poster into the LP sleeve.

Interestingly, the police did not charge the Wherehouse Shops outlet, that sold the offending poster. (It's because they "co-operated" with the police by pulling out all copies of the *Frankenchrist* LP from their stores.)

Also interesting is that the furore is over an album that came with a sticker warning that it contained a poster inside which could be considered "shocking, repulsive or offensive".

(This does not matter to the Parents Music Resource Centre, the group of parents who're trying to censor rock music in the States, who say that the sticker did not "relay the explicit nature of the poster", "does not adequately warn parents to the nature of the contents" of the LP, and that it tried to pass out this alleged filth as a work of art.)

Rock critics are also up in arms, because they feel that the furore over the poster is just an excuse, that the authorities are angry over some of the lyrics on the LP. Like the song which attacks the pressure on high school sportspersons, which leaves so many kids paralysed every year. Or "Goons Of Hazzard" which warns against vigilantes, a fast growing figure in the U.S.

There is also "Stars And Stripes Of Corruption" which Jello wrote as a passionate response to the message of movies like *Rambo* and *Top Gun*.

"(These movies) show that it's cute, sexy fun and painless to go get kicked in Nicaragua so some fatcat businessman downtown can make a buck.

"I think *that's* harmful to minors. I'm not saying it should be censored. I'm just saying it gives us an obligation to say something about it in our lyrics, and the fact we say those things in our songs is the real reason we're more prosecuted.

And what responsibility do the Kennedys have to their audience?

"To inspire them to think and make intelligent decisions for themselves. Not order them to, but inspire them to. The way you do that is by provoking thought, which is harder and harder to do in this country when people are so sedate and brainwashed by television and the horrendous muzak they're hearing on most commercial radio."

— RAY TELFORD

• It is generally believed that the authorities are moving against a band like the Dead Kennedys rather than a sexually or violent explicit act like the Stones or Prince because the Kennedys record for their own label, while the others record for powerful conglomerates like Warner Bros and CBS.

Hence it is believed that it will be easier to pick on the Kennedys to "teach someone in rock and roll a lesson".

Biafra expects his court case to cost him about $20,000. (As well as the $2,000 fine and year's jail if he loses.) Only one-tenth of the costs has been raised. Contributions may be sent to:

No More Censorship Defence Fund
PO Box 11458
San Francisco
CAL 94101, USA

Pulse

YOUNG FOR AUTUMN

Paul Young's return visit to Australia now looks as though it will be taking place some time in autumn.

In an interview done in Italy with this paper in spring, Young suggested that he would kick off his world tour next month in Australia.

He said the idea was to "follow the sun" around the globe as he and the band played gigs around the world.

In other words, they'd do gigs in the US and Europe during the Northern summer, and then concerts in the southern hemisphere — Australia, South America etc — during our warm months.

However, this plan has now been changed.

The world tour starts next month in Texas, followed by dated through the U.S. playing venues between 3,000-seaters to 6,000 seaters.

Young and his band (made up of musicians who played on his *Between Two Fires* LP) will then come to Australia, before going on to dates in Europe. He returns for more US dates in July, at the height of the American summer.

— ROBBIE COATES

ROLLING IN THE AISLES

Brisbane's Smashed Jaffa Effect won the Bandsearch '86 final, held in late December at the Roxy club.

Runners-up were Relativity and then Wizards.

Other finalists were Thanks For The Fish, The Detours and Scruff The Cat.

Part of the winning prize was $20,000 for a tour of Australia, which Smashed Jaffa Effects will embark upon shortly.

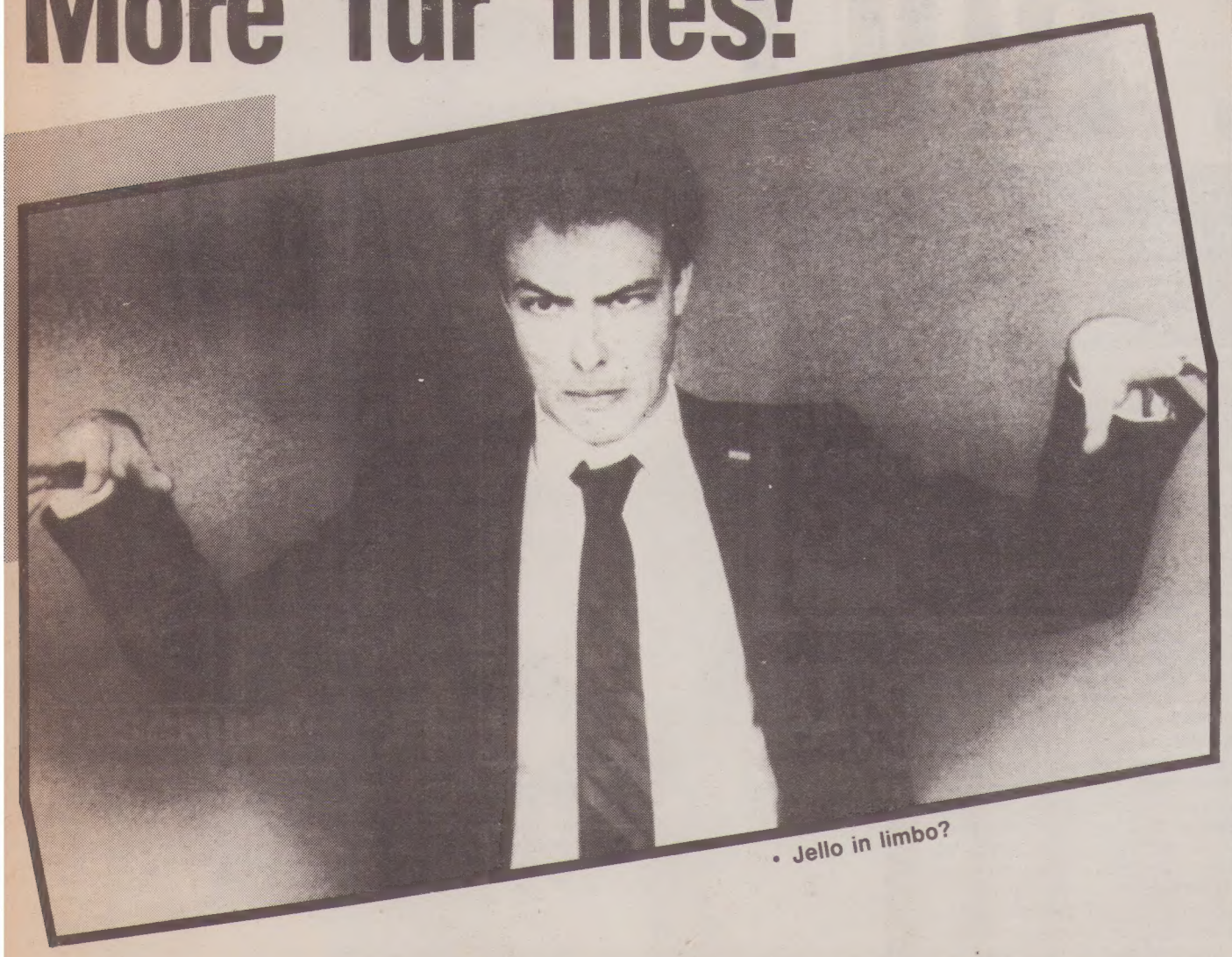
More than 40 bands entered the competition, which boasted $47,000 worth of prizes.

The final night was taped, and is expected to be released as an album later this year.

— PETER MULHOLLAND

• Thanks For The Fish

More fur flies!



• Jello in limbo?

STOP PRESS! KENNEDYS DEAD . . .

San Francisco's Dead Kennedys — who formed as an "anti-apathy political band" in the late seventies — have split.

Probably the most popular political punk band to come out of the US, Dead Kennedys' future has been in doubt for some time, with rumours of an impending split fuelled by the departure of guitarist East Bay Ray.

Despite rumours that the band folded under the pressure of the two law suits they're currently fighting, friends of the group are eager to stress that good old "musical differences" played their part.

Discontent within the ranks first became apparent when East Bay Ray left to concentrate on gigging with his 'other band' The Cage. Since then other band members have expressed disatisfaction with Jello Biafra's unswerving insistence they stick to their usual hard and fast punk delivery.

Of course a 'Best Of' compilation is planned and Biafra is said to have several projects up his sleeve, one of which will see him continuing to fulfil his fetish for writing poetry.

The Kennedys will be best remembered for controversial songs like "Too Drunk To F..k" and some caustic political numbers like "Kill The Poor", California Uber Alles" and "Nazi Punks F..k Off".

Meanwhile the band's current album *Bedtime For Democracy* is continuing to sell well in the US and Britain. The Kennedys toured Australia toured Australia in 1983 supporting their albums *Fresh Fruit For Rotting Vegetables* and *Plastic Surgery Disasters* and an EP called *In God We Trust Inc.*

— TAMARA HANDII

Pulse Pulse

GELDOF ON THE BOARDS

Bob Geldof is planning to put a solo band and tour through Britain and the US next month — but only if his LP sells.

As he stated in last week's two-page interview, the Boomtown Rats have broken up, and he is out on his own.

His solo LP *Deep In The Heart Of Nowhere* has only garnered lukewarm reviews, but Geldof is adamant he is continuing his pledge to get back to music.

Geldof has also insisted that he will not get involved in any more fund-raising.

He did however change his mind about closing down the Band Aid trust on December 1, 1986 — but only because there was still $30 million left of the $120 million that he raised through Band Aid and its supplementary activities.

From now on, he says he would ensure the money continue to be spent to feed hunger. But no new funds would be collected.

"I thought the ('Do They Know It's Christmas') single which was released two years ago would last two weeks, drop out of the charts and I'd hand over the money to Save The Children. But it didn't happen like that.

"Suddenly we had 8 million pounds. Rather than give it to an agency, which would have to take percentage off the top to pay its people in the field, I set up a trust fund to protect the money and then went to Africa to find out what they wanted me to spend it on.

"Initially I just figured there would be Band Aid, but things went on from there, and eventually there was Live Aid. Everything happened logically, and I think if I'd tried to plan things it just wouldn't have worked."

— ROBIN SHELLEY

HUTCH'S SOLO

Michael Hutchence's debut solo single "Rooms For The Memory" was released through WEA last week.

The song was written and produced by Olly Olsen, who was leader of the seminal band Whirlywirld during the same era as *Dogs In Space*, and whose music features quite heavily in the movie.

"Rooms For The Memory" is about ten years old but Michael heard it a long time ago and liked it.

It was recorded at Melbourne's Richmond Recorders studios in between shooting of *Dogs In Space* — using session players.

JUDAS PRIEST SUED

Judas Priest are the latest heavy metal act to be accused of causing the death of fans.

Did a marathon listen to their music cause two American fans from Nevada to shoot themselves? One died, and the other is permanently disfigured.

Now the fan, and the family of the dead boy, are taking to court both Judas Priest and their record company CBS.

The lawsuit contends that James Vance and Raymond Belknap formed a suicide pact, and shot themselves after six hours of listening to Judas Priest music.

Belknap died from the incident, which took place in 1985.

In blaming the shooting to listening to Judas Priest music, the lawsuit charged: "the suggestive lyrics, combined with the continuous beat and rhythmic nonchanging intonation of the music, combined to induce and encourage, aid, abet and otherwise mesmerise the plaintiff into believing the answer to life was death."

Both Vance and Belknap's family claimed that listeners with "emotional problems" could easily interpret Judas Priest lyrics to suggest that commiting suicide was an act of social rebellion.

A trial date is to be set.

For further does-heavy-metal-kill-fans poop see this week's *Barbed Wires* on pg. 7.

— RAY TELFORD

PAPAL BULL

Why did Pope John Paul I die after 33 days on the Papal throne? Was he murdered? MARK SMITH of The Fall turns playwright, asking the question in his latest project, "Hey Luciani".

• Mark Smith

What caused the death of Luciani Albino, Pope John Paul I, after only 33 days on the Papal throne in 1978?

Was he really a victim of The Vatican's inner sanctum, the dreaded P2 Masonic Lodge, worries that the self-styled "smiling Pope" was about to rid the Church of its excess wealth and corruption.

Did the strict Jesuit brethren, fearing that Lucian was about to give the OK to contraception, spike his cocoa with digitalis? Why was there never a post mortem or a death certificate issued? And, how does it all tie up with Italian banker Calvi, found swinging from a Waterloo underpass, and the Mafia's money-laundering system?

All these and many more questions will not necessarily be answered in *Hey Luciani*, the first play from Mark E. Smith, already proven to be one of Britain's sharpest and funniest writers with The Fall, and now embarking on a new format and presentation. Some three months in preparation, and being revised and rewritten right up to its opening week, *Hey Luciani* would appear to be an anti-polemical piece of dramatic intrigue, a musical thriller, a comedic conspiracy theory; all fertile settings for Smith's convoluted plotlines and maverick genius. Reluctance to stick to tried and trusted 'fact' is only proper in the circumstances, the possibilities inherent in religious and big-business scandals are limitless and fantastic. Just like a Fall song, in fact.

"The play is a simulation of the conspiracy in the book, the middle bit split up into other things — South America and Britain, for instance. No way is it a factual indictment of Catholicism or even The Vatican. People think when they hear it's about the Pope that it must either be a 'rock musical' or anti-religious statement or something. Which is a sad reflection on the way the theatre is viewed in this country. I chose the setting because the characters appealed to me and, hopefully, it makes good drama."

The play lasts about 100 minutes and features new Fall music themes for each character; 'Have Found Boorman' (for the all-girl Israeli commando group which appears as a mysterious but vital connection in the thickening plot), 'Sleep Debt Snatchers', which has a reggae atmosphere, a machine heart and spine-cracking drumbeat, and 'Informat' which, fittingly in view of posthumous revelations about the cheeseburger being a narc, is "the Elvis Presley-type number".

Apart from The Fall, there's Trevor Stewart as The Pope, Lucy Burgess as the ballet dancer and Pope's right-hand girl, Michael Clark has a brief role and Leigh Bowery, star of the excellent Smith-directed video for 'Mr Pharmacist' is head of accounts at The Vatican. Why a play and not a TV programme or video film for all this, Mark?

"I wanted to do something where the words could be heard on their own; there are a lot of bits where there's just going to be words on their own. I'm not in it a lot myself, I do a few numbers and the rest of the time is just narration and direction of others. It's more like a film than a play because it's been very severely edited. The thing I still have to get organised is getting people on and off stage. I've got one scene that is 10 seconds, and the longest scene is a minute and a half. Certain people find that hard going, but I enjoy that. It keeps you on your toes."

A week before the play, Mark completely rewrote the third act. Wasn't that a mite disconcerting for all the others?

"Not really, because before it had been a bit disconnected. They were saying, we can see what you're trying to do but it needs something else. With the new third act it all fits; if you're sharp enough there's a real conspiracy to follow. There's demonic possession, Italian Fascists, ex-Nazis, a Scottish Communist . . ."

So, it's not been the haphazard rush job that rumour has made out?

"That's the impression I wanted to give. It's f***ing great actually, dynamic."

Does it compare with anything?

"It's like a cross between *The Prisoner* and Shakespeare. There are even pieces that rhyme and stuff. Quite surprising, actually. It was our own idea; we financed it and we're not going to make any money off it, but it's a good little thing to do, alleviates the tedium."

Pulse Pulse

YOU CAN'T HURRY LOVE

One time SUPREME Mary Wilson lets the cat out of the bag on the sordid ego dramas behind the Famous Three. Surprise, surprise, Diana Ross gets a few serves . . .

In the Broadway musical *Dreamgirl*, the unglamorous lead singer with the extraordinary voice is manoeuvred out of the spotlight by one of the back-up singers, a scheming beauty who uses her affair with the group's manager to gain control of the other members and achieve megastardom for herself.

By taking the title of her autobiography from the musical based on Motown's first superstars, ex-Supreme Mary Wilson lets the reader know exactly what to expect without having to read a page.

Not surprisingly, the slim figure of Diana Ross casts a giant shadow. Ross, whom the author refers to throughout as Diane (her real name), comes across as a selfish, conniving bitch, throwing temper tantrums at the drop of a hat, hogging the limelight at every opportunity, and running off like a spoilt child to tell tales to her mentor-lover, Motown chief Berry Gordy. (Gordy is portrayed here as a tight-fisted mogul who kept his chart-topping charges on a wage of $225 a week).

But if Gordy and, particularly, Ross are the villains of the piece, Florence Ballard — the tragic third Supreme — is its heroine; the author, as usual in these showbiz autobiographies, emerges as an innocent saintly figure.

According to Mary Wilson, Flo Ballard was the real star of The Supremes. A funny, no-nonsense, tough cookie with a dynamic voice, her spirit was eventually broken by Diana Ross' constant attempts to make herself the undisputed leader; they had once been equals, three childhood friends from the Brewster Projects in Detroit. Ballard's inability to deal with Ross and the internal politics of the group set her on a downward spiral that began with alcoholism. This, in turn, caused her dismissal from The Supremes and led, through failed solo comebacks and an unsuccessful royalties lawsuit against Mottown, to her death at 32 of a massive heart attack.

When Mary Wilson isn't abusing Diana Ross and Berry Gordy, sanctifying herself and Flo Ballard, or dropping soap opera-ish titbits about her affair with Tom Jones, *Dreamgirl* is full of fascinating, recollections of the early days of Motown and its roster of stars. A star-struck teenager, Wilson used to hang around the Hitsville offices with her friends, hoping to follow in the footsteps of such early Motown successes as The Marvelettes and The Miracles.

After changing their name from The Primettes (a "sister group" to The Primes, who later became The Temptations), The Supremes had to content themselves with providing handclaps, "*oohs*" and "*aahs*" on other Motown records. After releasing eight flop singles of their own, 'Where Did Our Love Go?' gave them their first No. 1 in 1964.

But once success struck so, apparently, did Diana Ross, and that's when the book starts to fall apart. Hardly a page goes by without some mention of Ross' Machiavellian shenanigans, yet she writes towards the end of the book that "Nothing could erase my years of friendship with Diane". How she can possibly say such a thing when she's spent her entire autobiography cataloguing Ross' dastardly doings?

The reviews for *Dreamgirl* in the US have been strangely uncritical, possibly because in an industry where ego-massaging is the most popular form of exercise, Mary Wilson had the guts to point the finger at Ross and Gordy.

But what Mary Wilson fails or refuses, to acknowledge is that Diana Ross' success is *because* of her single-minded obsession with self-advancement at any cost. Whilst this is hardly laudable, the fact is that Diana Ross is a huge star (albeit glitzed-out, resting on her laurels), and Mary Wilson isn't. Unfortunately Mary is living proof of the showbiz maxim that nice guys finish last.

• The Supremes in 1965: Florence, Diana, Mary

***Dreamgirl: My Life As A Supreme* by Mary Wilson, published in the US by St Martin's Press, $16.95.**

INDUSTRY SHAKE-UP IN WA

A number of members of the West Australian music industry have banded together to form an association designed to solidify what they see as "confused" WA music biz.

Officially formed in late December, the West Australian Music Industry Association is the first of its type in Australia and aims to represent musicians, road crews, technicians and others involved in the local music industry in WA.

One of the people involved in the formation of the Association is 96 FM disc jockey Phil Lear.

Lear says that although the West is well represented by bands like INXS, The Triffids, V-Capri, Eurogliders and Perfect Strangers, the industry in general — and particularly younger bands — is suffering from a poor public profile and a lack of direction.

"The overall aim is to provide a cohesive industry in which everyone is marching in the same direction instead of wandering off aimlessly on different tangents.

"There were 100,000 people celebrating New Year's Eve at Fremantle, which proves that people are prepared to go out and do things, but because the local rock industry has such a low public profile people seem unaware of a lot of the entertainment provided by live bands here. It's a shame that in this America's Cup year, when everyone's looking at this place, that the industry just doesn't have its act together"

Lear said the Association is also aiming to provide a united voice to all elements of the local industry to improve communications with government departments and corporations.

— ROBBIE COATES

SMITHS LOSE GUITARIST

The Smiths have lost guitarist Craig Gannon — after less than a year.

He says he is tired of playing "second fiddle" to Johnny Marr and wants to start his own band.

Twenty-year-old Gannon was brought into the band last May to fill out the band's onstage sound.

Previously, he'd made a name for himself as a session player, appearing on records by Aztec Camera, The Bluebells and The Colourfield.

The band's record company Rough Trade claim that Gannon was losing interest in the band, and hence they decided to ask him to leave.

Said a spokesperson: "He hasn't really been doing much with the group, like rehearsing or recording. His involvement recording-wise has hardly been anything at all.

"He just didn't seem very interested and there were times when he didn't turn up for rehearsals."

Gannon says that one of the reasons why the band grew dissatisfied with him was that he tended to party too much on the American and British tours he undertook with his time in The Smiths.

He expects his new band to be playing around London by the end of the Australian summer.

PRINCE "BETTER" THAN SPRINGSTEEN?

Is Prince a better writer and artist than Bruce Springsteen?

Randy Newman, one of the most idiosyncratic and talented of songwriters in rock, (who could forget the furore over "Short People") seems to think so.

In a recent interview with *Playboy*, Newman was asked what he thought of Springsteen.

Newman replied: "I don't think Springsteen as a writer can shine Prince's shoes. They're not even in the same league. Springsteen's not in the same league as Stevie Wonder musically."

So what was the attraction of Prince?

"I admire Prince. Even if it's babyish sex stuff, he's saying something. I prefer him to Springsteen, to almost anybody else, in fact.

"He tries new things. He's brave. He takes chances that people won't like in the music and the lyrics. I don't even now if he knows what he's doing harmonically, but the stuff interests me a lot more than anybody else's music right now."

Newman, who wrote such hits as Three Dog Night's "Mama Told me Not To Come" and John Farnham's "One", has helped co-write the screenplay for the next Chevy Chase movie, *The Three Amigos*.

— MARK CROMELIN

Pulse Pulse

THE CURE SHEIK THEIR BOOTY

A six-year old song by The Cure, "Killing An Arab" has aroused the wrath of Arab-Americans, who have demanded the track be dropped from all further copies of the band's *Standing On A Beach* compilation LP in the States.

According to Faris Bouhafa, director of public relations for the American-Arab Anti Discrimination Committee in Washington D.C. "We intend to make the issue of the inflammatory nature of this song title a matter of national debate."

He warned that if the track was not deleted the AAADC would contact Arabs through the U.S. to pressurise the U.S. government to order the record company to do so.

The track, recorded in 1979, was inspired by Albert Camus' novel *The Stranger*.

It is also the first track on the LP and was released as a single to college radio — two factors which the AAADC insists is "a cynical marketing decision designed to capitalise on the current and very dangerous wave of anti-Arab hysteria existent in the country."

The band's record company Elektra has scoffed at such charges, and its lawyer Bernard R. Sorkin has said: "Far from encouraging the killing of Arabs or any other people, and far from being defamatory of Arabs or any other people, (the song) expresses in the mode of communication familiar to many of our young people of all backgrounds the view that killing is insane and useless — a view which I for one hope would be more widely applauded."

The Cure's manager and various record company execs were planning to meet up with the AAADC personnel to smoothen the issue over.

— PENNY HARDING

SUMMER ROCKS

The Victorian Department of Labor's Youth Affairs section has designed a series of rock concerts through summer.

The dates are:

January 17 — Pseudo Echo and Visual Beat at the Leongatha Drive-Inn. Also the *No Nukes* movie.

January 20 — I'm Talking, No Nonsense, John Justin & Thunderwings, Sterold Brothers and Paradox at The Frankston Park, cnr. Plowman Place and Nepean Highway.

January 25 — Paul Kelly & The Colored Girls and Painters & Dockers shunt through "Rockin' The Rails". They play at the following railway stations: Flinders St. Greenaborough, Lalor, Laverton, Hawthorn, Caulfield and Flinders Street again.

January 31 — Pseudo Echo and Ian Meldrum Rock The Rails at Geelong and Ballarat.

February 1 — Pseudo Echo & Ian Meldrum continue to rock the rails at Maryborough, Castlemaine, Bendigo and Sunbury.

● Pseudo Echo

WHERE'S METAL'S SPARK?

Heavy metal seems to be painting itself into a corner, and a combination of wimpy technology and conservative audiences are to blame.

So says Blackie Lawless of W.A.S.P. the metal glam kids.

After the disappointing reaction to their 1985 high-tech LP *The Last Command*, the band has returned to the Metal Crunch on its latest elpee *The Electric Circus*.

The LP before, which featured at least 14 different instruments (ranging from organ to sitar) was rejected by heavy metal audiences who expect to hear guitar turned right up. They were not at all impressed by the band's experimentation with studio technology.

"One day, *The Last Command* will be regarded as a brilliant album." says Lawless.

"I wanted to make the *Sgt. Peppers* of Metal and blow everyone's minds. It was W.A.S.P. meets Pink Floyd. The critics worshipped it but the technology just didn't exist to make it work big commercially."

W.A.S.P are not alone in such failed endeavours. Blackie cites Judas Priest, whose *Turbo* album also saw them move into synthesisers to mixed reviews and low sales.

"I understand Priest's whole feeling behind it. You want to try something new but the technology doesn't work. So when your audience hears it, they say you've gone commercial.

"The problem is that you turn the guitar down and you lose that thump on the chest, and the kids complain that it doesn't kick ass. Until you're able to turn everything up and still get that thump, those kind of records won't be successful."

Electric Circus sees W.A.S.P. return to the guitar crunch which caused its first LP to sell more than two million worldwide.

WANG CHUNG GOES LIVE

Wang Chung are currently rehearsing a new big-band to take on the road, from next month.

Wang Chung are the British duo — Jack Hues and Nick Feldman — who are currently in the charts with "Everybody Have Fun Tonight".

They have spent the last few years gaining success through their soundtrack work.

The band first hit the Australian charts with "Dance Hall Days", which they followed up with their debut LP *Points On The Curve*.

They were then asked to write the soundtrack for the *To Live And Die In L.A.* movie.

Jack Hues now looks back and says that doing the soundtrack was the best thing to happen.

"All bands have problems following up their successful debut LP — what to do next? On our side, there was a lot of pressure to come up with another hit like 'Dance Hall Days', yet Nick and I wanted to do other things.

"We wanted to do a concept album, something out of the ordinary.

"If we'd gone ahead and done that before we did the soundtrack, we'd not only have confused ourselves but our fans as well. As it is, we did the soundtrack, which allowed us to realise we could write a ten-minute instrumental if we wanted to. No one expects a soundtrack to be a big commerical seller, so there was no pressure on us.

"By the time it got to recording our second album *Mosaic*, we'd got all the 'concept' stuff out of our system and just went ahead and did the album."

Mosaic was produced by Peter Wolf, whom the duo had heard of through his work with Starship. According to Hues, Wolf is a genius, who gave them a direction and made them realise what writing pop songs was all about.

The LP was recorded in London and Vienna, and mixed in L.A.

"The album has a strong sense of being human and spontaneous, which we want to take onto the stage. When we started recording the album, we only had six songs ready. Others like 'Everybody Have Fun Tonight' came together in the studios, helped along by Peter's vision.

"We want to take that to the audience.

"In the past, we've worked with sequencers and backing tapes. Now we want more freedom for us, and use a band to make it exciting for our audience."

— TAMARA HANDII

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Australia

1	1	**GOOD TIMES, Jimmy Barnes & INXS**	**Mushroom/Fest**	1	1	**SUMMER '87, Various Artists**	**PolyGram**
2	2	**FUNKY TOWN, Pseudo Echo**	**EMI**	2	2	**1987 LET'S PARTY, Various Artists**	**Festival**
3	3	**YOU'RE THE VOICE, John Farnham**	**Wheatley/RCA**	3	3	**EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE — THE SINGLES, The Police**	**Festival**
4	9	**I JUST DIED IN YOUR ARMS, Cutting Crew**	**Virgin/EMI**	4	5	**WHIPLASH SMILE, Billy idol**	**Festival**
5	5	**WALK LIKE AN EGYPTIAN, Bangles**	**Liberation/EMI**	5	4	**REVENGE, Eurythmics**	**RCA**
6	4	TO BE A LOVER, Billy Idol	Festival	6	9	LIVE 1975-85, Bruce Springsteen	CBS
7	15	CHANGE OF HEART, Cyndi Lauper	CBS	7	8	THE BRIDGE, Billy Joel	CBS
8	6	LADY IN RED, Chris De Burgh	Festival	8	7	TRUE STORIES, Talking Heads	CBS
9	7	TWO OF HEARTS, Stacey Q	WEA	9	10	WHISPERING JACK, John Farnham	Wheatley/RCA
10	8	DON'T GET ME WRONG, Pretenders	WEA	10	6	KEV'S BACK, Kevin 'Bloody' Wilson	CBS
11	10	THORN IN MY SIDE, Eurythmics	RCA	11	13	MEDIA, The Models	Mushroom/Fest
12	17	HIP TO BE SQUARE, Huey Lewis & The News	Festival	12	18	INVISIBLE TOUCH, Genesis	Virgin/EMI
13	12	DON'T FORGET ME, Glass Tiger	EMI	13	12	DANCING ON THE CEILING, Lionel Richie	RCA
14	14	HUNGRY TOWN, Big Pig	Mushroom/Fest	14	14	HOWLING, Angels	Mushroom/Fest
15	16	LET'S GO TO PARADISE, Mental As Anything	CBS	15	11	TRUE COLOURS, CYndi Lauper	CBS
16	13	DON'T LEAVE ME THIS WAY, Communards	PolyGram	16	16	GET CLOSE, Pretenders	WEA
17	11	YOU CAN CALL ME AL, Paul Simon	WEA	17	15	TOP GUN, Original Soundtrack	EMI
18	21	YOU KEEP ME HANGING ON, Kim Wilde	WEA	18	17	YOUR FAVOURITE AUSTRALIAN YOBBO, Kevin 'Bloody' Wilson	CBS
19	24	PRESSURE DOWN, John Farnham	Wheatley/RCA	19	20	FORE! Huey Lewis & The News	Festival
20	20	NOTORIOUS, Duran Duran	EMI	20	19	LEATHER JACKETS, Elton John	PolyGram
21	19	NO LIES, Noiseworks	CBS	21	21	WHITNEY HOUSTON, Whitney Houston	RCA
22	18	HEARTACHE ALL OVER THE WORLD, Elton John	PolyGram	22	22	THE WHOLE STORY, Kate Bush	EMI
23	23	DON'T STAND SO CLOSE TO ME '86, The Police	Festival	23	—	JOE COCKER, Joe Cocker	Liberation/EMI
24	—	FRIENDS AND LOVERS, Carl Anderson/Gloria Loring	CBS	24	22	INTO THE LIGHT, Chris De Burgh	Festival
25	—	AMANDA, Boston	WEA	25	24		

England

1	1	**CARAVAN OF LOVE, The Housemartins**	**Go! Discs**	1	1	**NOW VIII, Various**	**EMI/Virgin**
2	8	**REET PETITE, Jackie Wilson**	**SMP**	2	3	**THE WHOLE STORY, Kate Bush**	**EMI**
3	4	**OPEN YOUR HEART, Madonna**	**Sire**	3	2	**HITS V, Various**	**CBS/WEA/RCA**
4	2	**THE FINAL COUNTDOWN, Europe**	**Epic**	4	5	**LIVE MAGIC, Queen**	**EMI**
5	3	**SOMETIMES, Erasure**	**Mute**	5	6	**GRACELAND, Paul Simon**	**Warner Bros**
6	7	SO COLD THE NIGHT, The Communards	London	6	4	EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE — THE SINGLES, Police	A&M
7	6	SHAKE YOU DOWN, Gregory Abbot	CBS	7	8	TRUE BLUE, Madonna	Sire
8	5	THE RAIN, 'Orange Juice' Jones	Def Jam	8	7	SLIPPERY WHEN WET, Bon Jovi	Vertigo
9	13	CRY WOLF, A-Ha	Warner Bros	9	21	FORE! Huey Lewis & The News	Chrysalis
10	10	LIVING IN AMERICA, Bon Jovi	Vertigo	10	—	SWEET FREEDOM, Michael McDonald	Warner Bros
11	21	IS THIS LOVE, Alison Moyet	CBS	11	11	SILK AND STEEL, Five Star	Tent/RCA
12	19	BIG FUN, The Gap Band	Total Experience	12	9	TOP GUN — SOUNDTRACK, Various	CBS
13	9	YOU TAKE MY BREATH AWAY, Berlin	CBS	13	13	REVENGE, Eurythmics	RCA
14	24	BECAUSE OF YOU, Dexy's Midnight Runners	Mercury	14	12	DIFFERENT LIGHT, The Bangles	CBS
15	23	STEP RIGHT UP, Jaki Graham	EMI	15	14	AUGUST, Eric Clapton	Duck
16	18	LAND OF CONFUSION, Genesis	Virgin	16	22	NOW — THE CHRISTMAS ALBUM, Various	EMI/Virgin
17	—	DREAMIN', Status Quo	Vertigo/Phonogram	17	18	REMINISCING, Foster And Allen	Stylus
18	12	FRENCH KISSIN' IN THE USA, Debbie Harry	Chrysalis	18	19	SOUTH PACIFIC, Various	CBS
19	14	THE SKYE BOAT SONG, Roger Whittaker/		19	10	LIVE 1975-85, Bruce Springsteen	CBS
20	11	EACH TIME YOU BREAK MY HEART, Nick Kamen	WEA	20	15	LOVERS, Various	CBS
21	16	SHIVER, George Benson	Warner Bros	21	16	THROUGH THE BARRICADES, Spandau Ballet	Reformation
22	—	OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY, Gary Moore	10	22	—	THE FINAL COUNTDOWN, Europe	Epic
23	—	THE MIRACLE OF LOVE, The Eurythmics	RAC	23	—	LONDON O HULL 4, The Housemartins	London
24	—	HYMN TO HER, Pretenders	Real	24	—	THE FINAL, Wham!	Epic
25	15	BREAKOUT, Swing Out Sister	Mercury	25	—	CHRISTMAS, Elaine Paige	WEA

America

1	3	**EVERYBODY HAVE FUN TONIGHT, Wang Chung**	**Geffen**	1	1	**BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN AND THE E STREET BAND LIVE 1975-85**	**Columbia**
2	1	**WALK LIKE AN EGYPTIAN, Bangles**	**Columbia**	2	2	**SLIPPERY WHEN WET, Bon Jovi**	**Mercury**
3	2	**THE WAY IT IS, Bruce Hornsby & The Range**	**RCA**	3	3	**THIRD STAGE, Boston**	**MCA**
4	5	**NOTORIOUS, Duran Duran**	**Capitol**	4	4	**THE WAY IT IS, Bruce Hornsby & The Range**	**RCA**
5	7	**SHAKE YOU DOWN, Gregory Abbott**	**Columbia**	5	5	**GRACELAND, Paul Simon**	**Warner Bros**
6	4	YOU GIVE LOVE A BAD NAME, Bon Jovi	Mercury	6	6	EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE, The Singles, The Police	A&M
7	16	CONTROL, Janet Jackson	A&M	7	7	FORE! Huey Lewis & The News	Chrysalis
8	12	C'EST LA VIE, Robbie Nevil	Manhattan	8	8	WHIPLASH SMILE, Billy Idol	Chrysalis
9	13	WAR, Bruce Springsteen	Columbia	9	9	WORD UP, Cameo	Atlanta
10	10	STAND BY ME, Ben E. King	Atlantic	10	11	RAPTURE, Anita Baker	Elektra
11	11	DON'T GET ME WRONG, The Pretenders	Sire/Warner	11	12	TRUE BLUE, Madonna	Sire
12	14	IS THIS LOVE, Survivor	Scotti Bros	12	14	GIVE ME THE REASON, Luther Vandross	Epic
13	17	LAND OF CONFUSION, Genesis	Atlantic	13	20	DIFFERENT LIGHT, Bangles	Columbia
14	16	THE NEXT TIME I FALL, Peter Cetera/ Amy Grant	Full Moon	14	10	BACK IN THE HIGH LIFE, Steve Winwood	Island/Warner
15	15	YOU KNOW I LOVE YOU . . . DON'T YOU? Howard Jones	Elektra	15	21	NOTORIOUS, Duran Duran	Capitol
16	25	AT THIS MOMENT, Billy Vera & The Beaters	Rhino	16	18	NIGHT SONGS, Cinderella	Mercury
17	—	OPEN YOUR HEART, Madonna	Sire	17	19	DANCING ON THE CEILING, Lionel Richie	Motown
18	21	VICTORY, Kool & The Gang	Mercury	18	16	THE BRIDGE, Billy Joel	Columbia
19	22	SOMEDAY, Glass Tiger	Manhattan	19	25	LICENSED TO ILL, Beastie Boys	Def Jam
20	20	LOVE IS FOREVER, Billy Ocean	Jive/Arista	20	15	RAISING HELL, Run D.M.C.	Profile
21	23	THE FUTURE'S SO BRIGHT I GOTTA WEAR SHADES, Timbuk 3IRS		21	17	GET CLOSE, Pretenders	Sire/Warner
22	9	TO BE A LOVER, Billy Idol	Chrysalis	22	22	INVISIBLE TOUCH, Genesis	Atlantic
23	—	CHANGE OF HEART, Cyndi Lauper	Portrait	23	23	CAN'T HOLD BACK, Eddie Money	Columbia
24	—	FALLING IN LOVE, Miami Sound Machine	Epic	24	—	CONTROL, Janet Jackson	A&M
25	—	ALL I WANTED, Kansas	MCA	25	24	TRUE COLORS, Cyndi Lauper	Portrait

Alternatively

SINGLES

1 **RAMBO**
Cosmic Psychos
2 **ASK**
The Smiths
3 **ALSO SCRATCH KING OF EURO DISCO**
Ed Kuepper
4 **DARLING IT HURTS**
Paul Kelly
5 **HARD RAIN**
Harem Scarem
6 **WHEN YOU'RE DOWN**
Headstones
7 **WORLD SHUT YOUR MOUTH**
Julian Cope
8 **LEVIS STUBBS TEARS**
Billy Bragg
9 **CHIMES**
Odolites
10 **EVE**
Honeymoon In Green

albums

1 **STILL LOVING YOU**
Slaughtermen
2 **SLEEPLESS**
Ups & Downs
3 **MEET MY FRIEND VENOM**
Venom P Stinger
4 **ALL THAT FALL**
Beargarden
5 **INFECTED**
The The
6 **PILGRIMS PROGRESS**
Harem Scarem
7 **FORM AND MEANING REACH ULTIMATE COMMUNICATION**
This Is Serious Mum
8 **TALL TALES AND TRUE**
Tall Tales And True
9 **AO MOD TV VERSION**
Spy V Spy
10 **FROM WOE TO GO**
John Kennedys Love Gone Wrong

● **Chart supplied by 3PBS-FM, Melbourne**

CHARTS

EDITED BY CHRISTIE ELIEZER

BARBED WIRES

● Q: I say, I say, I say, why is Harpic like **Ozzy Osbourne**?

A: They're both clean around the bend.

Not only did Ozzy go on an alcoholic binge and forget where he was, but he disappeared for a full week in New York just before Christmas, leading to wife **Sharon** sending out a public announcement to Da Ozz along the lines, dear Ozzy, we found the dog leash, please come home, besides, the kids want their Chrissie present.

At press time, we'd still not discovered if Ozzy got home to play Santa to the Osbourne brats or not. We do know he cut off all his hair and posted them home to his missus.

In any case, we're SURE he didn't have TOO NICE a Christmas.

Remember **John McCallum**, the kid who shot himself with DAD's shotgun after getting pissed on DAD's booze (eight bottles of beer) and listening to **Black Sabbath** on DAD's stereo?

School's out! Alice Cooper relaxes from his day job of killing babies and spewing up blood by taking the kids to Magic Kingdom. Here he is with BB Wolf, Dash, wife Cheryl, Calico and Dr. Hook.

Remember how Ma and Pa tried to take Ozzy to the cleaners? Remember how the judge impatiently tossed the case out?

Ma and Pa haven't still given up (hooray for private initiative!). No, they have now refiled the lawsuits, now saying that their kid was a victim of "Devil's Music".

They have paid for an analysis of all of Ozzy's lyrics — and bingo! the analysis has found a subliminal message in the line "shoot shoot shoot".

Listen, gang, remember how you always thought Ozzy pronounced "shoot" as 'soot' because of his Birmingham accent?

WRONG! According to the genius who did the analysis, it is Ozzy trying to stress the word "soo" as in *sui*-icide.

Hooray, 1987 looks like it's going to be as loopy as 1986.

● Bands reviving old hits to maintain certain chart history could be a thing of the past.

Chicago tried it with "25 Or 6 To 4" and failed. So too have **The Police** with "Don't Stand So Close". It's been a substantial hit in Australia, but in America it peaked at No. 47.

● **The Pretenders** and **Iggy Pop** this week kick off a US tour from New York.

● **Whoops!** It was just last week we were telling you that the new Madness offshoot is to be called **The Wasp Factory**.

However, there's already another band by that name playing through London, and they've told **Suggs** and co. to stop it or else. Suggs says his band are now looking for a new monicker.

● Rumors grow stronger that **Mick Jagger** will announce a solo tour later this year to coincide with the release of his second solo LP — but that he'll announce his resignation from the **Rolling Stones** within weeks.

● It was Stompie Wompie time at Selinas in Sydney, at the first International Battle Of The Surf Bands, to coincide with the announcement of the winners of the 100% Mambo Surf Showdown of the Pro-Am series.

The **Surfside 6** reformed specially for the event. The **Surfing Helpmans** were **Johnny Topper** and **The Johnnys' Spencer Jones**. According to Topper, Jones had to become their new lead singer after the old one died in the bathtub while on a trip to Paris.

The **Crestriders** included members of the **Sparklers**, with frontperson **Melanie Oxley** pulling off a passable tribute to Oz's first lady of surf, **Little Pattie**

There was also **The Death Barrels**, aka **Mental As Anything** who did NOT play their chartbusting hit "The Swells Are Getting Bigger".

● **Lou Gramm** and **Mick Jones** are working on solo LPs but insist **Foreigner** have not broken up.

● More dollars than sense: Swedish guitar hero **Yngwie Malmsteen** blew up the engine of his Triumph sports when he took it up to 115 mph. He reportedly did the same to his Jaguar when he took it to the same speed . . . in reverse.

● Has **Alison Moyet** really split up from husband **Malcolm**?

● Here's something to look forward to: **Annie Lennox** got so excited during an **Eurythmics** show in Birmingham, England, that she took her shirt off and bared her boobs to the audience. The males in the crowd gallantly looked away . . . and oh, yeah, pigs fly, too.

● **The Divinyls** return to the US next month.

● Just before rehearsals started for *Australian Made*, the **Mentals** went on holidays: **Martin** cruised down the Hawkesbury River, **Greedy** headed for the sun in Queensland and got rained on a lot, while **Reg** got on with some of his painting.

● **Stewart Copeland's** verdict on the **Police's** '86 version of "Don't Stand So Close To Me": "The original version is still my favourite. Listening to this one is like seeing the film after you've read the book".

● **Cyndi Lauper** is reportedly to team up with **Dan Aykroyd** in a movie called *Vibes* where they'll portray a pair of psychic crime busters.

Meantime **Whitney Houston** is expected to make her acting debut opposite **Clint Eastwood** (the world's thinnest mayor) in *The Bodyguard*.

● Former UFO guitarist/keyboardsplayer **Paul Raymond**, who's now based in Los Angeles, has joined the reformed **Angel**, the glam-rock kids.

● Perth band **Martha's Vineyard** whose cassette from midway through last year topped the WA indie charts, launched a new single "Our Day" b/w "Goodbye" in a rather "different" sort of way. It will be offered only for one night — the night it is launched! The band held that launch at the Red Parrot club, playing alongside **Errol H. Tout**, acoustic guitar virtuoso.

● Adelaide's sparkling live soul attraction **Hey Daddyo** have bit the dust. Some of its members became too committed to other acts — **Ivan Tanner** and **Ian Mitchell** to **Spank You Very Much**, and **Brian Morrison** to **The Lizardmen**.

● The **Kantner-Balin-Casady Band** which reunites three members of **Jefferson Airplane** have so far not succeeded in enticing guitarist **Jorma Kaukonen** to join up.

Kaukonen wants to remain with his new band **There Goes The Neighbourhood**.

However, midway through last year, he and Jack Casady did some shows around the US as **Acoustic Hot Tuna**.

● **Stevie Wonder** and his gaggle of bodyguards slipped into Hollywood's Guitar Centre. While awaiting a salesperson, a teenage fan begged Wonder to listen to his song. The kid grabbed a guitar off the shelf and yowled his way through the number.

Wonder was impressed enough with the song to keep chatting to the writer. In the course of conversation, he asked what sort of guitar the kid had.

Seems he didn't.

So Wonder clicked his fingers and arranged for the kid to have, as a present, a $1300 custom Gibson Les Paul.

● New **Siouxsie & The Banshees** single "Wheels On Fire" was written by **Bob Dylan** in the late '60s. It was a hit for **Jools Driscoll** in the UK and a minor chart-denter in the early '70s for Sydney outfit **Flake**.

● US blues legend **Buddy Guy** jammed with **Aerosmith** when they played in Chacago recently. The number? "Milk Cow Blues".

● In the same way you can find **Woody Allen** playing the clarinet on Mondays at Michael's Pub in New York, fans of **Robert Duvall** can catch the actor playing the guitar at Eleanor's on West 58th Street.

● Former **Kiss** guitarist **Ace Frehley** has signed a deal with a small New York label called Megaforce, and is finishing off his next LP with producer **Eddie Kramer**.

● **Ringo Starr** becomes the first ex-**Beatle** to endorse a product after promoting the Canandaigua Wine Co's new Sun Country Classic wine cooler in magazines and TV in America.

Meantime, Coca-Cola has issued a special **Carl Perkins** commemorative bottle to honor that blue-suede-shoe'd legend. The first of the limited edition set went on sale on December 1 in Perkins' hometown of Jackson, Tennessee. Each bottle went for $10, with autographed ones costing $5 more.

Proceeds from the sales went to The Carl Perkins Child Abuse Centre in Jackson, which the musician founded in 1980. He hopes to raise about $125,000 from the soda pop venture.

Carl, by the way, will be inducted into the Rock 'n' Roll Hall of Fame in America on January 21.

● Canberra's **Moral Majority** will be heading off to Sydney this month to play gigs and record a couple of singles and shoot some videos. In the meantime, the video accompanying "Graveyard Stand" (written, directed and produced by guitarist **Martin Wood**) looks like it could be released in cinemas as a three-minute short.

After this, bassist/singer **Johnny Morris** intends to take the records and video to New York and then London. He will be met in London by Martin and drummer **Trevor Cameron**: the trio will holiday and look at the possibility of doing some pub gigs while in London.

● **Billy Joel's** "This Is The Time" jumps to No. 37 in the American Top 40, making it his 19th hit there. He now ties with **Hall & Oates** for the most Top 40 US hits by an act in this decade.

● **Chuck Mangione** recently did his first Puerto Rico appearance in over four yeas. Right after that show, he jumped on a plane and flew to New York to appear at the Westbury Music Fair. He was startled to find that 75 members of the NY audience had also been to the Puerto Rico show!

● **Dire Straits** guitarist **Jack Sonni** has sneaked back into Perth to do a six-week stint at the Pinocchio club with a band called **Walter Brennan**.

● **Aaaagh!** Could it happen here, too? The American 24-hour cable network MTV will now cablecast to Europe by satellite. Services will start in April.

Meantime, MTV, which has been losing its audience in the US, is trying to save whatever's left by promosing to play more innovative fresh talent. MTV's early interest in Australian and British flamboyance led to the break through of such acts as **Men At Work** and **INXS** as well as the whole '80s British contingent like the **Spandau Duran Club**. Then it blanded out and stuck to mega-bores.

● **Chain** guitarist **John Meyer** will also be resurrecting his "other" band **Saracen**, at the Bindoon Rock festival in Western Australia, held by the Coffin Cheaters motorcycle club.

Both band are on the bill, as are others like **The Jets**, etc.

● After waiting years and years, it seems **Def Leppard's** much awaited follow up to *Pyromania* has been delayed . . . yet again!

This time producer **Mutt Lange** broke his legs in a car crash.

● Out of the Melbourne '60s garage punk scene comes a new outfit called **Sunset Strip**. They include organist/guitarist **Ian Hill** of the **Bo-Weevils**, and three members of Geelong's **Behind The Magnolia Curtain** — singer **Warwick Brown**, drummer **Les Butrims** and guitarist **Andy Turner**. Along with bassist **Paul Ryan**, Sunset Strip has inked with Au Go Go and have single out called "Going Home".

A rather distinguished fan of the band's is **Steve Wynn** of **Dream Syndicate**, who wants to get the band's material out in the States.

● When **Genesis** wind up its world tour midway through this year, **Phil Collins** has a number of options.

He can either do a movie. Or he can produce albums for jazz drummers **Tony Williams** and **Buddy Rich**.

● **Deep Purple** go back on the road in Europe next month.

● **George Michael** is becoming fast buddies with his lawyer. Just a month after sueing London magazine *Time Out* for not putting him on the cover (he did an interview on that condition), he's now frog-marching another London newspaper to the courts, this time for saying he'd arrived at a club drunk, was abusive and had thrown up over his date's dress. George says he turned up sober for a few minutes and left quietly.

● **Billy Idol** and **Steve Stevens** currently in London auditioning players for Billy's touring band.

● **Prince Charles** launched an independent radio station Ocean Sound in the south of England. After introducing a **Cyndi Lauper**, Charlie then sneaked in a request from his wife **Dithering Di**, whose fave song is "Lady Writer" by some band called **Dirge Straits** or something.

When told he'd "passed the audition" for a DJ, Charlie sniggered and said "No, thank you very much, it's the gift of the gab you need."

Jennifer Keyte, host of Melbourne's "Nightlife" program goes international this week when she comperes the Australian end of The World Music Video Awards. She's seen here with INXS, who'll appear on "The World Music Video Awards" when it goes to air on Channel 10 on January 16 at 8.30pm.

WIN! DOGS IN SPACE — THE ALBUM

The film *Dogs In Space* is based around music.

At its broadest the film is about a motley collection of youthful characters all living together in a big, ramshackle house and if they had one thing in common it was music.

The film encapsulates the era of Melbourne's late-seventies post-punk period.

The job of Musical Director for the film was handled by ex-Whirlywirld member Ollie Olsen, who organised the reformation of bands like Primitive Calculators, Thrush and The C..ts as well as Whirlywirld themselves and took them into the studio to record tracks for the film.

Other important bands of the era are employed throughout the film.

Sydney-based label Chase Records has released a soundtrack album featuring music from *Dogs In Space*.

The record features tracks by Gang Of Four, Ollie Olsen, Marching Girls, Boys Next Door, Primative Calculators, Marie Hoy (of Thrush and the C..ts), Iggy Pop, and of course the film's star — INXS frontman Michael Hutchence.

Juke in conjunction with Chase Records, is offering you the chance to win one of 12 copies of *Dogs In Space — The Record*.

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Bella Ballet!

IL MEGLIO DEI MEGLI

Yes, folks! You guessed right! A Spandau Ballet feature from Italy!

By Christina Pascalis

Tony Hadley is sitting in the back of a shiny new Italian taxi. He is gripping his seat, silently murmuring the lyrics to the new Spandau single 'Fight For Ourselves' to himself, and convinced that in a minute, the taxi will pile into an oncoming Fiat, a group of bronzed pedestrians, or one of those absurd three-person bikes that holiday makers insist on wobbling around in Italian streets.

The taxi driver, giggling furiously, whacks the gear back into second, actually nips back onto the right side of the road, and deposits his shaking passenger outside the immaculate Grand Hotel.

Naturally, being An Englishman Abroad, he heads straight to the bar. That's why it costs him 6,000 Lire (about $4) for a bottle of beer!

Although the summer tourists have long gone, there is still a lot of activity in the streets and private beaches of Rimini. Then of course, there are Spandau Ballet and their minders adding to the share of confusion.

"They're nice people, the Italians" Hadley says "but they're renowned for being so disorganised!"

Spandau Ballet are in Italy to kick off their world tour which will see them visit Australia (although Hadley isn't quite sure when).

They've been off the road for so long and dying to get back on the stage, that the excitement visibly quivers in the air. Why, they absolutely throw themselves into the afternoon's soundcheck with excitement. Hadley heads straight for John Keebles' drum kit and fools around on it, while Gary Kemp experiments with his effects pedal, which allows him to get all manner of strange wonderful noises from his guitar.

So why Italy?

"You mean to start a world tour from? Well, basically you'll remember we had to cut short our last world tour after the Australian tour, because Steve broke his leg at the second US show. We had to blow out the US tour and the European one too.

"The Italian audiences are crazy, they get so excitable, which is great. Italy was the first country we had to blow out last time, and there's always been that demand that we come back. I mean, people here have actually been waiting for us, and it's almost been a kind of apology from us, to start here."

Later on that night, at the show, the latest world tour threatens to be cancelled, too: almost towards the end of the sweaty two-hour show, Hadley leaps onto a portion of the stage — and falls nine feet when the thing collapses.

He suffers a couple of broken ribs. At one stage, there are murmurs that he's broken his leg.

You could imagine the disappointment within the Spandau camp. After all this time, itching to get back on the road, and now this . . .

But the doctor gives the all-clear, and by the time Christmas winds up, Spandau have gone on to play gigs in Spain, Scotland and England.

"Christ, it looks as though being away for 18 months has helped us, more than worked against us. There've been more people at the shows than ever before!"

★ ★ ★

You couldn't blame Spandau Ballet for being a bit paranoid.

They've been going for seven years now — and they're still asked THAT question.

For 18 months, they'd forgotten what it was to be asked it. Then in early October they'd done their first public appearances as Spandau Ballet for ages when they flew in a chartered plane to Amsterdam where, in between celebrating Martin Kemp's 25th birthday nightclubbing until four in the morning with Paul Young. They appeared on Dutch TV station TROS' big gala pop event of the year on a bill that includes Young, Tina Turner, The Commodores, Roger Whittaker, Chris Rea and a couple of Dutch impersonations of Elvis and Cliff.

Spandau went on and did "Fight For Ourselves" and "Through The Barricades"; but before that, was a quick interview with the compere.

"Tell me" he says brightly, "where did you get your name?"

Jeeee-sus! After all this time, too.

Now, as they launched their world tour with a boozy press conference (where their Italian record company presented them with a case of champagne . . . each), the inevitable question came.

This time, it was a young dull blonde from a women's magazine.

"Tell, me, your name Spandau Ballet, where did you get it, what does it mean?"

The hipper journalists in the room groaned, while Gary Kemp turned his face slightly and hissed to Steve Norman, who was staring at the woman with glazed eyes, "Kerrrrist, after all these bloody years!"

Naturally, Spandau Ballet have their "routines" worked out for such moments.

Tony: "We saw it scrawled on a toilet wall and liked it."

John: "We were originally going to call ourselves Iron Maiden, but someone else beat us to it!"

The woman scribbled it down dutifully. To this day, she probably didn't know why her colleagues around her were sniggering.

Actually, just for the record, the name was suggested by journalist Robert Elms, one of the big names of the New Romantic movement and later to become Sade's boyfriend for some time.

That was back in the late '70s when the young London trendies used to dress up and go to clubs like Billy's and Blitz. These were clubs where people tried to dress up as expensively and as colorfully as possible, and danced by European electronic groups like Kraftwerk and similar British discs by David Bowie and Roxy Music.

At the time, too, these young trendies thought that "evil" was something to wink about, rather "a bit of a jolly wheeze". And was not Nazism the worst kind of evil! Spandau had been one of those jails where the Nazis had tortured and killed their political prisoners.

Why not add something as evil as "Spandau" to something as frivilous and "cultural" as ballet?

Yes, it was an insensitive name, but the band get their just desserts. Over the next 18 months, they'll probably be copping THAT question in every country they go to, and every time they'll trot out the answer about "toilet wall" and "Iron Maiden".

★ ★ ★

Tony Hadley is the only member of the band to get married. His wife Leonie used to do makeup for Spandau Ballet in their early days.

These days, she stays at home and looks after Thomas (two years) and Toni (eleven months). Being away with Spandau Ballet has caused him to miss out on some of the more traditionally memorable moments of fatherhood — like his first steps and first words.

Would they join him on tour?

"Well, they have in the past, and he gets absolutely spoiled by the others, especially Steve who's his godfather. It's not practical to take them on the road because being on the road is a 100% thing — you have to do interviews and the rest of it before the show, there's a lot of parties afterwards, so I really wouldn't be able to devote any time to them.

"It'd be impractical for Leonie because we'd be on the move all the time, which is a bit upsetting for the kids. Also, Thomas will be going to nursery school in 1987 and I don't want to uproot him.

"The best thing to do, I guess, is to play for six weeks and then come home for two.

"But wherever practical, they do join us. They came to Ireland when we were writing the songs and then again to the South of France when we were mixing the album. He was really spoiled then, because the entire band would play with him and he'd be up until nearly midnight."

One aspect of fatherhood, Hadley says firmly, is that he'll allow his children to make their own choice as to what careers they'll follow.

Tony remembers the pressure his parents had exerted on him to become a doctor, and how horrified they'd been when he decided not to go to university. After all father Pat, an electrician, had always believed that going to university was the only way out of the working class drudge.

Football was also seen as a way to make quick money. Whatever thoughts the young Hadley had about making that a career went out of the window when an infection in the bone marrow of his leg forced him to stop playing for two years.

★ ★ ★

Eighteen months ago, Spandau Ballet were in a fierce battle with Duran Duran, Wham!, Culture Club and Frankie Goes To Hollywood as to who would end up the biggest and best of the '80s British pop acts.

Even though some of the bands were good friends, competition was deadly earnest.

Whatever publicity they could get, they would. They'd fly journalists all over the world to do stories on them, if it meant a oneupmanship over the others. When they were recording, they'd desperately be checking out the others' latest music, paranoid they'd be left behind.

Eighteen months ago, Spandau Ballet kicked off the *Parade* world tour, determined to break free and become the undisputed leaders. Gary Kemp boasted that by the end of 1985, no-one would even remember Duran Duran and Culture Club.

They swept through Japan and then Australia, causing near-riotous scenes. It looked as though the US and Europe were going to break through in a similar way.

Two shows into the US tour, and Steve Norman broke his ankle. Disappointed the band went off the road, and started writing songs in Dublin.

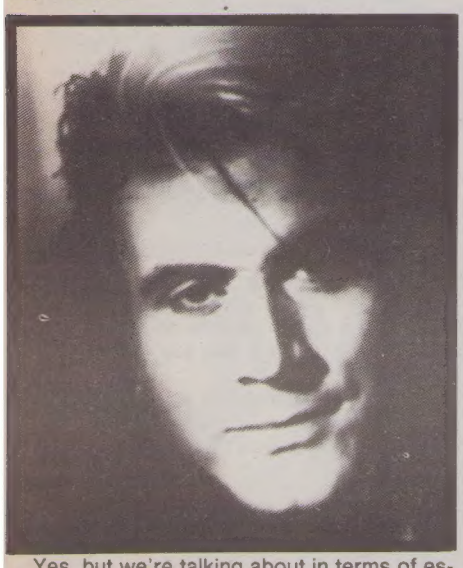
You'd have imagined that they would have lost the lead forever. But, no, the others had their share of problems too. The Duranies got

bored, Wham! broke up, Culture Club got swallowed up by drugs and Frankie lost their way.

Ironically, aside from Wham! and Culture Club, the other two have also swept back with LPs that have given them a lot of attention throughout the world.

"Well, I'm not sure that the *Parade* world tour was supposed to be a big breakthrough for us" Tony scratches his chin thoughtfully. "I mean, obviously the idea is for the music to try and get as many people to listen to it as possible.

"Certainly *Parade* had been an important album for us — we'd been together for six years, it was our fourth LP, and it gave us our 15th single, we'd become an established band. You couldn't say that people forgot about us in the time we were away, in fact it's the opposite, and more people have heard of us, it seems!"



Yes, but we're talking about in terms of establishing the band in the pop social order . . .

"Well, I think Spandau Ballet have got a long, long way to go before we hit some of those heights. Some heights we'll never hit . . . to try and reach the level of The Beatles would be just impossible.

"But what I will say is that we've never stopped being satisfied. The Beatles never stopped being satisfied, they always felt there was a lot more things they could achieve together and it was a pity that they couldn't quite make it.

"There are still a lot of places in the world for Spandau Ballet to work on. There are places in Britain, Europe, where we can tour and know that we'll do well. But there are still those Eastern Bloc countries and the Far East. I really want to tour those places this time around, because I think they would be so much fun to do.

"Certainly we've got a long, long way to go before we can say we've cracked America. We're only moderately successful there."

★ ★ ★

"I can't believe how fresh we all feel. If you look at Duran they seem to be bored with the idea. Like it was album-tour-album-tour-dead . . . now we'll have to see whether they can get it together again. If they don't, we'll be the only surviving band of that period. And I'll be really sorry if Duran split up."

— Tony Hadley in "No. 1" magazine, August '86.

"It takes a toll being in a band. What we go through in one year is like a lifetime of experience, and it's hard to keep a band together. With Culture Club it was drugs . . . Wham! just got really bored . . . Duran lost their friendship — whenever I talk to one of them he's always slagging another one off . . . but we've survived because we're so close."

— Martin Kemp, "Smash Hits", October '86

The proof of the pudding is that last Christmas, when the band had dispersed to all parts of the globe for their holidays (or that was the plan) Steve and Martin ended up skiing in Austria with Tony and his family.

"You'd think we'd be glad to get away from each other, but we had such a great time, we really did."

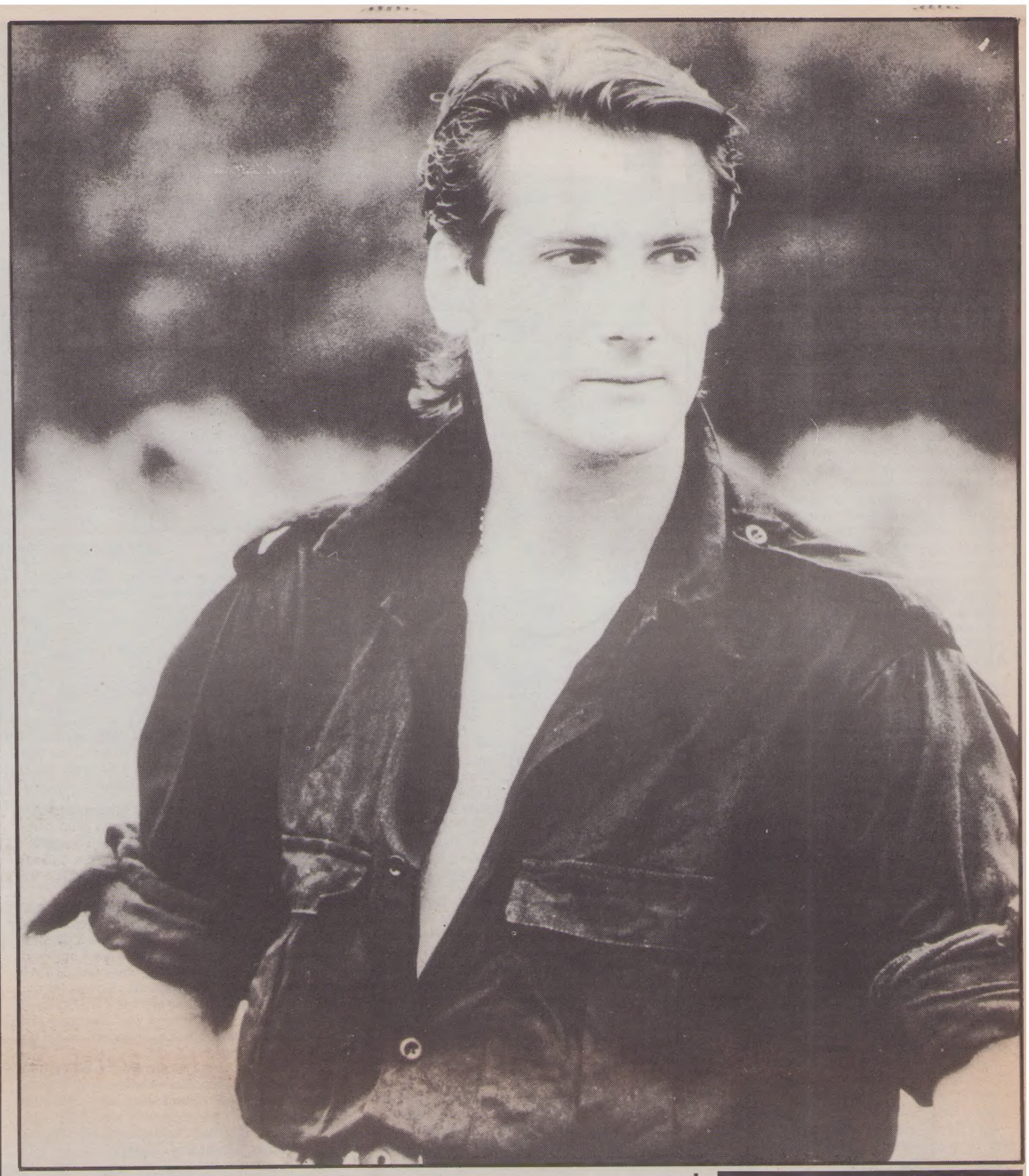
Steve and Martin are godfathers to Tony's kids.

As Tony says, when you've known someone since you were 11, it's very, very hard to let personal differences come between you. Simply you think alike, and you're so aware of the other's moods not to get into a conflict with him.

They'd met at the Dame Alice Owen's Grammar School — the whole band went there except for Martin. It was a strict old fashioned school where the teachers would check you every morning for the color of your shoes.

All five were working class. Steve Norman grew up in a poor estate in Lewisham, and remembers rats running around the room when he sat on the potty. John Keeble's father was a lorry driver who allowed his son to play truant to keep him company on his long drives around the country. The Kemps lived in the "less posh" area of London's Islington: the brothers remember going to the rich areas and throwing stones at the mansions just to stir them up. The Kemps lived in the middle-level apartment, while aunts, cousins and uncles lived above and below, all sharing an outdoor toilet.

Hadley himself had realised early in the piece that being a doctor was not for him, and quit school six months into his 'A' levels. He joined a warehouse where the bosses were impressed with his talent to organise people, but Hadley got bored with it and quit. At the back of his mind, he had fantasies about starting a market stall, developing that into a supermarket and becoming a millionaire!



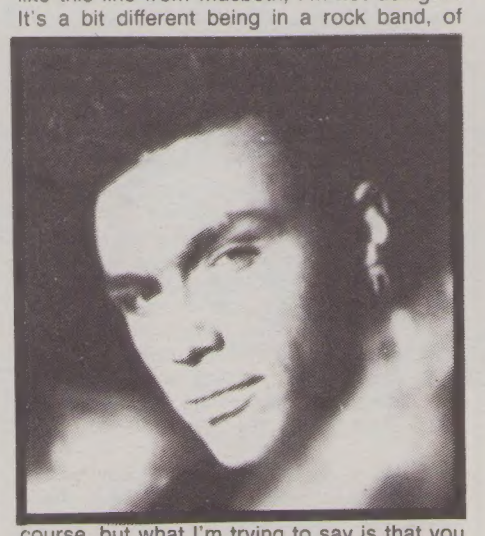
He enjoyed ice skating and horse riding (winning a medal or two) went to a lot of parties and by 14 was singing and winning talent quests crooning Beatles and Stevie Wonder numbers.

Now in '86, the closeness of growing up is paying off, in that Spandau Ballet can continue to make music without being distracted by personality problems within the band.

As the man who sings Gary Kemp's lyrics, what would happen if he disagreed with sentiments in a song?

"Well, it's only happened once or twice. I've said to Gary 'no, that sounds a bit naff' and Garry would listen to the line and say 'yeah I guess you're right'. That's where the close friendship works.

"We don't waste time with endless arguments. I see my role as an actor given a Shakespearean play, you don't say 'oi, I don't like this line from *Macbeth*, I'm not doing it'. It's a bit different being in a rock band, of



course, but what I'm trying to say is that you appreciate someone's talent, and let them get on with what they do best.

"I love playing drums, for instance, but I'd never have the audacity to tell John how to play them. I can write songs too, but they're not very good! Whereas I think Gary's one of the best pop writers to come out of England in the '80s, and I'm always sorry that he's not given more credit for it. There are two songs on this LP, "Tell No Lies" and "Barricades" which are utterly brilliant, and I love singing them."

★ ★ ★

When Spandau Ballet started out, they said they refused to do the "touring" grind because everybody else did it. Rather, they would play only exotic clubs now and then.

In '86, it's a totally different story.

As Gary says, the ground rules have changed. From 1980 to 1985, it was possible for bands like themselves to sell themselves through video.

"That era ended with Live Aid" he opines.

Live Aid presented the grand spectacle of bands playing huge stadiums to large crowds — and now everybody wants it. It was a pity that the Spandau Duran Club weren't around after Live Aid to suggest alternatives, because suddenly old timer bands like Dire Straits, Genesis and Queen took over. These bands peddled traditional values, and audiences felt they got greater satisfaction.

Spandau Ballet know that the time is right for playing huge stadiums, and are quite content to do it.

"In a sense Through The Barricades is the album that the last couple of records should have been but weren't. It's got a real rough rock edge to it, a very physical album."

Had they done the songs onstage before they were recorded?

"No, they first got aired in Italy last night. They worked on stage right from the start, because the arrangements were such so they would suit live performances.

"In the past, I suppose we've been to precious about our records. People were asking us 'what happened to the vibrancy and character of your live shows' and of course they were perfectly right.

"With *Parade*, for instance, we'd completely arranged and rehearsed two-thirds of it even before we got into the studios. So by the time the record was finished, it had a gloss to it. That comes from trying to make too perfect a record. When you're a musician you always tend to think 'oh what goes on tape must be spot on because it'll be with you forever' but I think a rock band should roughen it up a little bit."

So we can expect another rock and roll cliche like The Live Album?

"Oh yeah, we've been talking about it for awhile, it could happen after this tour."

How does he keep fit on tour?

"I've taken up squash. I've always been interested in sports like that. Skiing's another great passion, although I keep falling over a lot. But I find squash is the best, because it's a physical show and we're on for about two

hours and I run around a lot."

When it came for their next Greatest Hits set, would Spandau Ballet do a Police, and re-record the hits. Was he disappointed with the hostile way that a lot of Police fans greeted the new rendition of "Don't Stand So Close To Me?"

"Well, that's what happens when you make a classic record like that, people get so blinkered with how it sounds and what it represents to them personally, that it's almost sacrilage if someone tampers with it. I think The Police were right to do what they did, though."

How would Spandau Ballet fans react if they reggae'd up "To Cut A Long Story Short?"

"It's funny you should mention that, because on stage, we re-do it, completely, make it more 'black' and funky. It goes down really well. It'd be fun to re-record some of the stuff, but right now, we're only interested in recording new stuff."

After the show, new found friends in Milan fill the hotel lobby, and drinking continues for a long time. Now that they've established themselves as one of the hardest drinking bands around, they ought to challenge some of the heavy metal acts . . .

"Yeah, we do put some away! In Germany we were there for a giant rock show, and we had a drinking contest . . . Frankie, Bob Geldof, whole lot of people. Finally at five in the morning, everyone had stumbled off to bed but we kept on going. Mind you, we suffered the day after, though!

"But, yeah, a challenge, probably to mates of ours like Iron Maiden or Def Leppard. It would be a fun thing to do."

STEPPIN' OUT IN STYLE

Melbourne's SCHIZO SCHERZO love the night life

By Christie Ellezer

"Auditions were the funniest thing! Usually you need about five minutes before you can suss out it the guy's going to work or not.

"Anyway, this character turned up with a brand new drum kit and his own personal drum roadie, I mean, wow, we thought he had to be good. We said 'we'll play this feel, join in' and the guy's rocking back and forth waiting for a break-in, and two minutes later, we're still playing and he's STILL waiting, rocking away to himself!

"We were starting to break up, looking at the walls and pissing ourselves 'cos obviously the guy was a moron. Then the guy did this awful sloppy roll, hit his sticks accidentally and they bounced off the ceiling.

"His roadie went over to him, called him a stupid bastard, and they began to punch each other out. We stood there STARING at them, our mouths open, and there were these guys whacking away at each other, with bits of drums flying everywhere.

"Then suddenly, they both started to laugh! Seems they were two guys who spent their weekends going around 'auditioning' for bands and completely stooging them! It was the funniest thing I'd ever seen, I don't think I've ever laughed so much since. I mean, what a concept!"

Bassist Colin Swan and singer John Bartholomeusz are relaxing in the latter's new flat cooking themselves a chicken casserole, after a hard day at the office — to wit, driving around to every corner of Melbourne delivering copies of their new single "Back To Back" (on their own Schizo Records) to various record stores.

A major record company employs full-time staff to do this. However an independent band with little money has to use their own cars and do it themselves. The day had started at 8 in the morning, when the band and manager Russell Stevens sat down by the phone and went through the *Yellow Pages* under the section headlined "Record Stores" and rang every one of them up.

"Hello, we're from a band called Schizo Scherzo, our first single's just been picked up by 3XY, how many copies would you like to stock? That much? OK, thank you."

At 3 pm, the members had started delivering the records, wearily finishing off at 9 pm. Home for dinner and to set up John's stereo system, and reminisce about their long and winding road to this point where they've released their first record . . . an important milestone in any band's career, even if the record dies. In the Schizos' case, they quickly gained AM airplay in Melbourne.

Schizo Scherzo work that way, ambitious and diligent. Two years ago, it looked as though it was curtains for them when personality and musical clashes threatened to rip them apart. Schizo Scherzo at the time was like three bands within one.

The band was down to Batholomeusz, guitarist Steve Lymburn and keyboardsman Peter Endall. They refined the sound to encompass their love for the pop commerciality of late '70s disco and the visual sparkle of the New Romantic movement — brought in Swan and drummer Michael Caleo. After a five month break, they returned with a new repertoire of songs, which they supplemented with Chic and Bronski Beat covers.

The climb was slow and steady. Support stints to Feargal Sharkey, I'm Talking and John Farnham, the addition of backing vocalists Nadine Budge and Julie Johnson (ex-PR), a deal with Myers/Gracelands stores to stock their record (a first for an independent band) and the joy of getting 3XY to play their disc when it was still a test pressing.

So what's it like hearing their own record on radio, after listening to radio all these years?

John: "It sounds great, but then again you think 'oh, now the hard part's starting!" You've always thought that getting your stuff played on AM radio was the hard part, but it's not, it's the work that comes after it.

"I guess that makes me come across as a pain who's hard to please, but It's natural to keep setting yourself new goals."

The record was actually recorded in late '85, but after the line-up shuffle, they decided to put it on hold. At the time, too, various majors were sniffing around, although eventually they passed leading the band to form its own label.

On stage, Schizo Scherzo convey the excitement and the beat of a nightclub. The impact of nightlife on the style of the past five years cannot be under-estimated. However much Futurist-Romantic labels make the skin crawl, their legacy is evident in the vitality of today's streets and charts, obvious through the ingredients may have been in Australia's post-punk vacuum: SF movies, a Dada retrospective, headline-making performance art, a revival of intimate cabaret.

● Schizos: up against the wall, mothers!

At first glance, they seem like archetypal nightclub people. They look individual, look visual, and come from such diverse backgrounds that you know it's something like a club that could have brought them together.

But that, apparently, is a misnomer. During the disco boom of the late '70s, John was more into folk and Colin was playing out in the Victorian country areas where he grew up, in bands like the Weekend Rockstars.

John: "I didn't even listen to electric music until 1979. But then again I secretly liked disco music although it was very uncool. Things like 'We Are Family' and 'Le Freak' were brilliant although I profess that I still hate 'Born To Be Alive'."

Colin: "I didn't start to go nightclubbing until a year before I joined Schizo Scherzo. All the Melbourne clubs like the Hardware Club and places like that, the music they were spinning wasn't innovative, but they were just GREAT to dance to . . . Propoganda, Simple Minds, Bronski Beat . . I used to think it'd be great if a band could get together and play stuff like that. It's a market that's untapped, as far as live bands go."

Hence, Schizo Scherzo music is influenced by the disco of the '80s — when pyrotechnics took over sheer individuality, when poseurs were replaced by good-time kids, when the club goer discarded the disposable identity for a confident expression of taste.

So what kind of lifestyle do Schizo Scherzo espouse — or think they are — through their songs?

John: "The songs are personal but I hope they have a universal theme. I want to reach out and touch people . . . oh God, doesn't that sound horrible! But it's basically what we want to do.

"In terms of image, I can't tell you. We've always dressed this way, it's not meant to reflect some kind of sub-culture, although it probably does to an outsider. It's very easy to think that disco bands like Bronski Beat or Run DMC depict a lifestyle through their lyrics — actually, the songs themselves don't do it. It's the sort of videos they project, what they say in interviews, those tell the story."

Colin: "Discos in the late '70s tended to attract the straight people. It's only been in the last few years, when they were open to 7 in the morning, you had all these so-called decadent things happening . . . the snorting coke off the dunny seat syndrome."

John: "We're aware of how visual we are, and we want to work on it. We don't refer to our shows as gigs, they are *shows*. We want to work on a theatrical sort of thing, complete with songs written for a stage show so there's a flow, an interval, and a change of stage.

"There'll be a lot of choreography, a lot of different moods. But right now, when you're still doing a lot of supports, you don't have the luxury of stage control. A lot of of headlining bands won't give you the lights and the space that you need. But we'll get there in the end."

● Roth's rogues: Steve Vai third from left

STEVE VAI

Dave Lee Roth's guitarist is hailed as the most exciting new heavy rock guitarist to emerge from the U.S. since, well, Eddie Van Halen. He also listens to Count Basie and Frank Sinatra. . .

By Tamara Handli

"From hearing his (demotape) I could tell he had a superior musical intelligence and very great guitar chops. And this showed me that there was a possibility to write things that were even harder for the (guitar) than what had already been used in the band."

— Frank Zappa, 'Guitar Player', Feb '83

"He's from New York — an Italian boy — spaghetti and all that stuff like that. He's been in the band (Alcatrazz) about six months now, and we've done a couple of gigs together in Japan where the kids seemed to like him real well. He's quite an entertainer. The last band he was in was Frank Zappa — that's where we heard of him from. We needed someone to bring a new kind of musical input into the band and I think he's done it."

— Graham Bonnet, 'Faces Rocks', April 1985

"I stumbled into Steve Vai about 60 days after 'The Big Guitar Search' started. I know I can work with anybody but finding the ultimate rock band I figured would be a difficult task. I went after Billy Seehan first . . . then I listened to records of different guitar players, and I just thought Steve had the most potential."

— Dave Lee Roth 'Creem' magazine, October 1986

"Steve Vai is the most exciting hard rock guitarist since, well, Eddie Van Halen"

— 'Guitar Player', October '86

There's no doubt about it, Steve Vai comes well recommended.

He'd been around for quite some years, a *man-to-watch* name on the lips of his peers. But the last year has seen the success with the Dave Lee Roth band see his shining star take off around the world.

It's a pity that heavy rock tends to be treated as a second class citizen: Roth's album *Eat 'Em And Smile* is far more than loudmouthed American cock-rock, nor is it a pale rehash of the Van Halen sound . . . two superficial criticisms directed at the record.

Rather, it is an example of intelligence and volume combining.

Vai injected a lot of the talent in Roth's album. They co-wrote some of the tracks like "Yankee Rose" "Goin' Crazy" "Elephant Gun" "Big Trouble" "Bump And Grind" and "Ladies Nite In Buffalo".

He also scored and conducted the horns for the "I'm Easy" track.

For Vai is no volume merchant. His favorite album is not an old Hendrix or Sabbath LP, as you'd imagine. Rather it's *Frank Sinatra And Count Basie At The Sands*, a big band LP which was arranged and conducted by Quincy Jones.

"I've always been a fan of big band music," laughs Vai, almost sheepishly, the day after the band played a huge 40,000-capacity gig in Houston, Texas.

"It's got as much energy and volume as heavy metal. I know a lot of the heavy metal guys like Ritchie Blackmore and Ronnie James Dio are into classical music, and I can see why, because that's got a lot of intensity and power too. Sometimes, a lot more than some of the heavy metal around these days . . . or the stuff that masquerades as heavy metal."

One of Vai's great strengths is that he can sight-read music. That came as part of the first big-break for this New Yorker: at 17, he got entry to Boston's Berklee College of Music.

To sharpen his reading skills, he began transcribing complex songs, including "The Black Page" from the *Zappa In New York* album.

Taking a chance, he sent a copy of that transcribing, as well as a demo tape he made with a fusion band called Morning Thunder, to Zappa. The eccentric genius quickly realised the man's ability, and brought him into the band, introducing him onstage as "our little Italian virtuoso" and allows Vai to perform some of the most intricate and difficult passages in this album of the time.

Vai's 1984 solo albums *Flex-Able* and *Leftovers* were recorded in his backyard 8-track studio, are simply brilliant in their depth and adventure. The tracks exhibited the way he used his axe to get all manner of sounds, from seagulls to an alien calling home base. All the time, too, a lot of humour was feeding into the music.

Some of his most interesting work is also found on fusion violinist L. Shankar's *The Epidemics* and Public Image Ltd's *Album* (in fact, he rates the solos on the PiL album as his best) and also played the part of Satan's guitarist in the film *Crossroads*.

It's also been a strange facet of his career that when he's joined a fairly famous band. He's been under pressure to live up to the shadow of an innovative axeman. In mid-'84, he joined Alcatrazz as replacement for Yngwie Malmsteen — however he showed no inhibitions about that, and in fact played some masterful licks on "Lighter Shade Of Green".

Less than a year later, Roth had asked him to join the band.

"I guess this comes across as a bit of a line, but I think I'm happiest in the Roth band. In a way there is a pressure because every night this band has to go out there and prove itself that it is a band of its own, that it's not a Van Halen copy and I'm not Eddie Van Halen II.

"But it's a pressure that I don't feel, simply because I think it'd be just a waste of energy, and I'd rather direct that into the music.

"It's good to be with someone like Dave, because he's wild, he really is! I mean, Billy's such a powerful player, ya know, that it'd be quite easy for the two of us to go over-the-top when we're onstage. So just as we think 'hey, we better loosen up here', Dave'll storm in and say *'keep going, keep going!'*

"We're a good team, all of us, there are no ego clashes, no trying to weird-vibe the other guy, I respect them and I think I know what they're capable of, and we play it like that. There are a couple of times, because of the freedom you get in a band like this, that you play back a tape of a concert and you're astounded because you're just heard yourself play that you didn't think you were capable."

Is he as competitive as the DLR band is depicted in the media as being?

"I have this theory that every one has their own way to express themselves and the world's big enough for a lot of gunslingers out there. But one of the reasons Dave picked us all was we were good, we were ambitious and we were kindda competitive. He wanted people who wanted to be in the best rock band ever formed on this earth. So in there some way, is an aggression that I might not possibly be aware is there."

● Pic by Tony Mott

THE HISTORY MAN

Stuart Adamson and BIG COUNTRY could have been 19th century story-tellers, such is their belief in traditional values. MR SPENCER journeys to Ireland to see the old sods unearth new passion for their rock and roll.

Walking into Leisureland in Galway, Ireland, is like discovering the world's about to end and finding a hall packed with people determined to have the best night of their lives, while there's still time.

It's the rock movie director's idea of a pop concert: wide-eyed 12 to 30-year-olds leaping around with cups of Coke and 7-Up, miming guitar solos, punching the air, shrieking and screaming and continually rushing to and fro like a harangued ants' nest of tarted-up humanity.

And without wishing to appear melodramatic, all of this is going on during the interval, to a record by Simple Minds.

The real excitement comes with the arrival of Big Country, whereupon there is a roar of such ferocity and passion I actually fear for my eardrums.

It's quite strange, and you can't help but reach the conclusion Big Country are well thought of around here; they are rather popular.

The atmosphere is such that even a sceptical observer, for instance, who finds the group's rollicking tunes en masse a trifle samey and one dimensional (but who often enjoys them in more carefully measured helpings), cannot fail to get caught up in the mood and find himself inadvertently clapping along.

Never before has a band been applauded with such desperate fervour. People are in tears, laughing, crying, who knows? Bit Country are having a wail of a time, and I have to admit it, tonight's been pretty good for me, too.

Afterwards Stuart Adamson chats happily to the sharpest fans, the 20 or so who've traced him back to the hotel. It's amazing, God knows how they manage it but somehow they always do, he gasps, impressed by their effort and investigative know-how.

Watching all this, still feeling a bit dazed at the excesses of tonight's crowd, I think at last I'm beginning to understand things.

I now have a rough idea about what makes Big Country so ridiculously popular.

Firstly, they gallop along and make hard-hitting bagpipe-like sounds with their guitars, more or less guaranteeing folks a fine bop, a minor headbang, thus providing an outlet for any non-drastic aggression which might be simmering.

And they sing of nice things, like rivers and sunshine; and of exciting things, like thunderstorms and sailors getting lost at sea; and they're not afraid to admit to loving people. So you've got happy feelings, sad feelings and, most of all, you can find in your heart a place for them because just like yourself, they believe in flowers and candlelit dinners.

Big Country are comparable to a blockbuster cinema epic, a rock 'n' roll *Gone With The Wind* — a great big wodge of romance to brighten the lives of their countless ordinary working class followers; a reason to struggle on, despite everything.

There is nothing wrong with any of this. Big Country are fulfilling a need and doing so with immense dedication and finesse.

They are undoubtedly a very fine, stirring, rowdy pop group.

Then again, you get your geezers liking Big Country because the band make excellent road-digging music, good sturdy stuff with lots of words about brave menfolk returning limbless from battles afar.

Plus, of course, at a Big Country gig your average bloke can fling his arms around his mates without fear of being misunderstood, and all the while the ironies and subtleties of gentle Stuart Adamson — no lover of armies — are going completely over his head.

Now this is interesting.

Belief

There is an underlying belief in the goodness of the human spirit and the sheer joyousness that can be found in actually living," says Stuart, attempting to explain the essence of the defiantly jubilant music that Big Country make.

Does he have any idealised image of the perfect Big Country fan?

"Not at all, we've never imposed any boundaries upon ourselves, we've always let things happen in a very natural fashion. It's open to absolutely anyone . . although I think possibly someone who is him or herself a caring and fairly emotional type of person is going to be interested in us, but I can't be sure."

Do the fans have fires burning in their hearts?

"I don't know, I think for all of us in the group there's a lot more to Big Country than simply the usual cliches that people trot out about us, a lot more. There is a great deal of passion involved, and in as much as what we put out we always receive back, it's very much a give and take situation on both sides.

"A definite unification exists between us and the crowd. It's something I feel happening every night, something whereby there are no restrictions or emotional barriers. You mustn't stand back and analyse your feelings, I think you've got to enjoy the effects rather than look for the causes."

The fire in many of the band's male admirers' hearts is fuelled solely by the thrill of violent action; not at Big Country concerts, but on the streets, with the lads, sinking a few cans and keeping an eye out for trouble. I mention this to Stuart.

"Perhaps that's true," he reluctantly admits. "I think we possibly bring it on ourselves to an extent by being on the same level, being part of the same thing and from the same environment, but quite frankly I don't like it. I honestly don't want to be identified with that mentality.

"It is a very fiery and uplifting sound that we make, but that's the way we feel about music. I think songs like 'Just A Shadow' and 'Chance' and 'Seer' reflect a lot of other sides, but these things seem to be glossed over, and I find it sad that people have such a very naive view of us at times."

Do you like to look upon Big Country as being in the process of making history?

"I think so, I'm sure every human being has the desire to leave his or her mark on the world, it's inherent in all of us. That's why we try so hard in what we do — we want to be able to look back at all this with pride and satisfaction and know that we gave our all. I believe that's what counts in the end."

With his songs of shirt-sleeves and hard graft, long winter evenings and years gone by, Adamson generates a warmth and an ambience not unlike that of a pubful of leathery old men; pints in the corner, fond reminiscing, times were simpler then.

It's almost a shame they have to use electricity when, say, horsepower or roasting manure would so clearly be more apt as forms of fuel for Big Country.

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"If the end of the world really is around the corner then we should be so lucky to see the biggest fireworks you'll ever see!"

Normally SPY V SPY aren't as flippant about social issues. But as guitarist MICHAEL WEILEY explains, there is a lot of humor in all that compassion and sense of justice.

By BYRON SMITH

Torrential rain and a howling wind sweep across a small Canberra airfield. The weather's been bad all week and the grey blanket continues to scowl down upon the eastern State with little repent.

Three men stand huddled together like Spies, pointing suspiciously at the tiny plane tucked safely in a nearby hanger.

The pilot approaches the group, occasionally pausing to contemplate the swollen white wind-sock near the runway. As he reaches the trio, one of them — a guitarist called Mike Weiley — nervously asks if it's safe to fly.

Weiley is a member of a three-piece Sydney based rock band called Spy V Spy, who are expected in Sydney this afternoon to shoot a clip for *Countdown* and they're supposed to be playing tonight in Merimbula. The little aeroplane holds their only hope of making it to both gigs on time.

"No it's not cool to fly at all," the pilot says, leaving to check over the plane. "I wouldn't fly on a day like this in a pink fit . . . except I'm desperate for the money."

The three tentatively approach the plane and clamber in.

After a nervous wait the flimsy machine takes off and eventually lands at Mascot.

A few hours later, when the Spies have finished their Sydney assignment, they're back at the airport. The weather has worsened, but once again they embark, flying directly into a wind gusting at up to 70kmh.

The pilot is silent for the entire flight. Weiley stares pensively out the miniscule window as his counterparts somehow manage to sleep. The plane battles and bounces for nearly two hours before landing shakily in Merimbula.

Weiley recalls the ordeal:

"The pilot just didn't say anything for the whole flight and when we landed the co-pilot turned to the pilot and said 'well we made it', and they looked around at us and said 'we made it! Didn't think we were gonna make it!' and we just said 'thanks guys, that's nice to know!"

That tiny aeroplane steadily working its way towards a goal, despite a formidable headwind, in many ways epitomises Spy V Spy's struggle to gain recognition and credibility in the face of industry adversity.

LAW

There's an unwritten law in Australian music which manages to prevent bands from gaining genuine respect until they've "earned" it.

The reason this country produces such convincing live outfits is because they've almost all had to slog it out through the pubs, through independent records, through horrendous support bills and through years of paying to play. The few bands who've taken different paths and managed to get picked-up quickly, usually disappear just as fast and never really seem to have the same ability to cut it live.

And of course the industry is right:

There's nothing quite like putting a band through a few years of scratching at the bottom end of the industry to sort the dedicated from the day trippers. Angels, Midnight Oil, INXS, Models . . . the list of major Oz bands who came out of the apprenticeship qualified is virtually endless, and thankfully so.

For Spy V Spy it's been an apprenticeship spanning some six years and one which hasn't been without its pleasures and hardships. In fact the band actually split for a period and at one stage they had all their equipment pinched, but each time they fought back, knowing secretly that all they needed was time.

Nineteen eighty-six marked the turning point in The Spy's career. After eight vinyl releases on independent labels, the band was finally signed to a major label and an album and single were released. For the first time the band began to receive commercial airplay and for the first time they were exposed en mass to a national audience. Crowds at live shows began to increase as did press coverage and it slowly became obvious that Spy V Spy had made it through.

One of the reasons Spy V Spy's recent success may be particularly surprising is because of their unusual three-piece projection. Apart from The Police, very few three-piece outfits have been able to measure up to the sound offered by larger bands.

Although some three-piece outfits have made big sounding records, few can convey the sound live in the absence of extra tape-tracks and overdubs. In virtual contradiction however, Spy V Spy have always pulled a huge live sound which in fact has never really been adequately captured on vinyl. One of the major advantages of a three-piece of course, is the rapport each member has with the other. Every member knows exactly what to expect from the other and the probability of human error is greatly reduced when there's less people on stage with the capacity to make mistakes.

"Oh, there's a lot of good things about being a three-piece," Weiley explains.

"I always say that the pyramid is the strongest shape — the triangle is the strongest figure — and therefore that's something we've always got going for us. It's the basic essence of rock and roll, just drums, bass and guitar . . . it's the essence of a rock band and it's so challenging 'cos there's so much freedom for the musicians involved. But it's also very ominous and quite threatening because you've got to know when to play a lot and when to play much less.

"I mean you talk to other musicians and they all would secretly love to be in a three-piece band, 'cos it's the basis of rock and roll and it does leave everything up to you. You can do whatever you want because you're the only instrument in that area.

"See, when we first started in 1980 we definitely didn't want to be a three-piece band because we didn't think we were good enough to cut it. We tried to get other musicians, but nobody wanted to join in, they'd just say 'oh you guys, no way, yuk'.

"So we sort of stuck it out and Craig (Bloxom) taught himself how to sing and play the bass at the same time. But interestingly enough we got work almost straight away, just on the strength of a demo tape we made, but even then nobody wanted to join us. We were still keen for a fourth or fifth member for a few years, but now it will always be this core — this nucleus.

"If we ever get in other people it'll just be on a commission basis."

Spy V Spy *do* present a convincing live show. Aided by better sound production equipment and a developed empathy for dynamics and light-and-shade, the Spies have worked hard to become a tight and exciting live act.

Weiley modestly agrees:

"Generally the people who come and see us are blown out. You know, they've heard the records and then they see the band live and they walk away going 'wow that's twice as good as the record'.

"Then there's some people who may have just heard one of our calmer ballad-type songs who come along expecting us to be like that and usually end up leaving because it's gonna be too loud, too crowded or too hot.

"The most common thing people say is 'geez, how do you guys manage to sound so big . . . just the three of you?', and girls often comment about the energy that comes off stage — that always gets them. But it's mostly guys who come back stage wanting to shake our hands and say 'that was really filthy . . . pure filth' which is one of the local slang terms, but when I first heard someone say it I thought it meant they didn't like us, but it means the opposite. Or they say 'bullshit mate — that was bullshit', but what they're really saying is 'that was unreal'."

PROFILE

Having had a high live profile for such a long period of time, the Spies have developed a considerable following, particularly in Sydney.

The band has watched patiently as crowds have grown and they're quite aware that gaining the respect of punters at a pub level is just as important as having hit records. Bands who produce convincing vinyl offerings but fall in a heap in a live situation can quickly fall from favor.

"Yeah, we're not one of those bands that had overnight success . . . like a meteoric rise to the top. Instead, what we've done over the last four years is develop a very loyal following that's getting bigger all the time. See these days the industry seems slightly more geared towards quick success and that doesn't give the band enough time to develop a loyal following, which in the long run can be their downfall 'cos they just become one-hit wonders with the teen market and perhaps two years down the line when the teenagers leave school and get a job, the band will be dated and they'll become the band they *used* to love when they were at school.

"So although it's taken a long time we're having a lot of fun and we're not in any rush, but at the same time we're building a very solid base."

As a teenager Mike Weiley was a "typical London yobbo" who used to go to Arsenal soccer matches every Saturday afternoon. Although he held no strong political views, his youth was filled with fear of The Nuclear Holocaust.

"I hated politics . . . in fact I still do, but I just read a lot of newspapers these days and I like to watch the news a lot, so I'm much more aware of what's going on in the world.

"When I was 17 I was convinced the world was going to end very shortly in the '80s, because at that time it was '77 and China had invaded Vietnam and then Iraq broke out. You know, all these things were happening in the world and it looked so bleak and miserable that you started living from day to day and you thought 'f..k it, I'm not worrying about school, or study, or material possessions or anything

like that.' But as I got a bit older you realise that a foolish I'd-rather-die-young-before-I-get-old attitude is crap. You should always plan for the future and be positive.

"When we started talking about getting a band together our parents complained bitterly and they used to say it was just a pipe dream and that there was no money in rock and roll and they tried to persuade us to stay on at school, but we didn't care about that."

Weiley used the band as a means of letting-off steam — channelling his anger at the state of the world in a direction which could convey his feelings forefully to people who wanted to listen.

"When you see a nuclear umbrella all over the world and you think 'well I don't even expect to live another ten or fifteen years', you do get very angry because it's got nothing to do with you — you were just born into that situation. But on the other hand I have a slightly different attitude now. I think if the end of the world really *is* just around the corner then we should be so lucky to see the biggest f..king firewords display you'll ever see!" (laughs)

These days Spy V Spy cover a range of topics covering a broad spectrum of social issues. All three members of the outfit live in squats around Sydney and that street-level existence is strongly conveyed through the band's lyrics and music. The most obvious example of the way the band reflects observations of their personal environment can be seen in their single "Don't Tear It Down" which was written after Weiley received a letter stating that he'd have to move out of his humble abode in Glebe to make way for a freeway.

"An expressway,
Is planning to come through our lounge,
Eviction notes, in business coats,
Never renovate, just tear it down . . .
Don't tear it down, there's life in it yet."
— Don't Tear It Down, Spy V Spy, 1986.

"The music we come up with is 'us' to different degrees. We live it and breathe it and it comes from the heart. It's all to do with direct influences from things that we've experienced or seen.

"It's the only way that we can write a song and mean it."

One track on the new *AO MOD TV VERS* set makes controversial observations of what Weiley sees as a major injustice. Simply called "Sally-Anne", the song discusses the plight of a Sydney girl called Sally-Anne Huckstepp who appeared on *Sixty Minutes* claiming that police had killed her boyfriend in cold blood. Days before she was due to appear in court to defend her opinion, Huckstepp was found dead in a Sydney park.

"They had their way,
We all know that was true,
But meeting in the park,
Was a silly thing to do,
Suspicion doesn't age,
Nor memories of you,
I've never been closer than a newspaper,
But I feel for you,
Sally-Anne."
Sally-Anne, Spy V Spy, 1986.

"I can only talk from what we've seen on television and read in the newspaper, but basically in Chippendale a couple of years ago Sally-Anne was a girl who was into heroin and her boyfriend was dealing it or something and it was in with some coppers and they were dealing it together and of course the coppers shot him.

"But there were two versions of how he was shot. The coppers say that he pulled a gun first and they shot him once and then twice — just bang, bang . . . shot him dead, but eyewitnesses there — even friends of mine who lived in the same street in Chippendale where it happened — have a different version. They say there was a shot and there was 20 seconds of silence, so off they went to the window and looked out and what they saw was a policeman issuing a final *coup de grace* . . . a final blam through the head.

"Anyway, Sally-Anne went on *Sixy Minutes* and said 'this is what really happened — the coppers were just as involved as my boyfriend and my boyfriend *didn't* have a gun, he was killed in cold blood', and at the time the band was watching the TV going 'wow I can't believe what I'm hearing — this girl's just putting in all these coppers — when her boyfriend's been shot dead — now they're gonna shoot her dead. She's blown it.' I remember thinking 'what a brave girl' but we all said that she couldn't have any more than 12 or 18 months to live and sure enough, she's dead.

"She was actually found dead in Centennial Park a few days before she was due to testify in court.

"I reckon if that's an indictment of what sort of police we've got running around then it's a worry we should all concern ourselves with."

LOVE

You'll have difficulty spotting love songs in a Spy V Spy set, and that's one of the most appealing aspects of the band. The lyrics avoid typical cliches.

Sure, they're basic, but instead of hiding behind a cloud of obscure double meanings and hidden messages, the words — like the music — are designed to poke provokingly at apathetic minds and evoke contemplation They subsequently take a direct path which places street-level simplicity above vague intellectualism.

"Our lyrics are there for anyone who's interested in listening to them, and hopefully they'll inspire a bit of thought in their heads.

"The songs we come up with are easier for us to write because we're really just three very ordinary Australian blokes and so it's easier for us to write about everyday Australian issues from the street, which is where we exist.

"There's plenty of other band's around covering the love song area anyway and see it's very hard for Craig to sing a love song convincingly on stage unless the lyrics are absolutely mind-blowing and straight from the heart, whereas it's easier for him to sing songs about relevent issues and sing them from the heart, especially things which are directly influencing or affecting the band."

Because the Spies write from the streets of Sydney the relevence of their lyrical content to markets like America and the UK could understandably be questioned. However, as Weiley explains, many of the issues covered by the band can be applied virtually anywhere in the world.

"It's a hard one, but I've heard that record company executives think that this album *AO MOD TV VERS* is relevant to a lot of the youth all over the world. Songs like 'Use Your Head' apply to any Western world white kid I s'pose, who's gonna buy their first car and go down to the pub and that sort of thing. 'Peace and Quiet' is a song about suburbia and once again it could apply to any town in America or England or Australia or Canada or Europe.

"'Sally-Anne' is a storyboard that I'm sure happens all over the world. None of the songs were written with that intention in mind, but when it was mentioned to us we realised 'yeah, that may be so'."

Is there room for humor in Spy V Spy songs?

"There is, definitely. It's funny actually, what we consider humor some people take very seriously and can be very cynical about it. We wanted to have a disco hit, so we came up with a disco-pub number called 'Go To Work', but somehow I don't think it'll ever be the disco hit we wanted it to be!

"That song was written tongue-in-cheek, but I'm saddened by people who took it seriously and who say it's very un-nationalistic.

"We came up with that one because we saw Paul Keating on TV saying we were a banana republic and we found that hilarious so we wrote a disco song and called it 'Go To Work'.

"We take the piss out of each other a lot — and enjoy it. We even do it on stage, so to get the whole picture of Spy V Spy you've got to buy the album — which you may find serious and maybe even intimidating — and you see our filmclips and we look like three angry young men, but when you come to a show and see the band live you'll soon realise that there is a sense of humor running through the band.

"I mean that's the best way to look at it. Instead of being bleak and morbid about the whole world you may as well enjoy it and have a good time and take the piss out of it, 'cos what else have we got to do?"

SUBJECTS AT RANDOM:

APATHY

"Apathy's one of the biggest and worst habits of Australians, that very slack 'she'll be right mate' attitude. I don't know if it's the heat or what it is, but there is a great deal of apathy in a lot of Australia.

"In fact our first single was called 'Do What You Say', and we wrote that about ourselves 'cos we were a very apathetic and slack band when we started. We had the same songs and same live set for TWO years, you know I think in those two years we got two new songs!

"That's why we split up in 1982, 'cos we weren't progressing as a band and we thought 'why carry on with this — it's stupid! We're not achieving anything', and although the song was written about ourselves we knew it would apply to everyone else just as well."

AIRPLAY

"Yeah. It's a big problem with this band, I guess because we're so original, which has worked both FOR and AGAINST us.

"The way it's worked for us is that people come to see us on the strength of what people say about us being a big sounding three-piece, but on the other hand it works against us because radio goes 'I can't categorise this — what is this? Is it Heavy Metal? It's too brutal for me' and they don't really know where to slot it in.

"That's always been a problem with our music, but it seems to be breaking now and I think it's because we've just been around so long and we've been touring a lot and there's a demand there for us — especially in Sydney and New South Wales where we're based. When there's that many people out there barracking for you, the radio stations'd be foolish not to play it! That's how the Oils developed as well in the early days. Their first albums never got airplay, except on Triple J, but as the following grew and grew and grew the demand was out there and radio stations would be cutting their own throats if they didn't start playing it."

FASHION

"I hate the English industry 'cos they're so tied up in fashion and the trend of the moment and you're expected to be part of whatever they consider to be the manufactured trend that they're getting together, and if you don't fit into the scheme of things they won't have a bar of you.

"Unfortunately Australia catches on to these sort of fashions a year or so down the line, but it never really manifests itself to such a strong degree.

"In England we could have done really well if we had gone over there when the Clash had been doing well, but in the days of Spandau Ballet and Duran Duran and Wham, there was no way . . . they wouldn't have looked at us. I'm not talking about the punters, I'm talking about the industry people. Unless we all had a haircut and hair gell and kitch synthesisers and one of us was a resident poofter no one would have looked at us. America on the other hand would take you on the strength of your album and your film clip. If they think it's marketable over there they'll take it 'cos there's no fashion or trend — just good music or bad music."

GUITAR

"It's pleasing to see the guitar playing more of a major role in music again. Two or three years ago I was a very worried guitarist. I didn't think I was gonna be in a job much longer playing guitar and Cliff (Grigg) was hanging onto his drumkit like it was the last drumkit on earth. But now it seems that there's a lot more Australian and overseas bands playing a lot more guitar music again, which is great."

MELBOURNE

"During 1985 we went to Melbourne three times — each time just doing a couple of quick gigs and it was great fun, but in '86 when we went to play there we were very nervous about it because we had this stigma with Melbourne after our experiences with the Midnight Oil support we did at the Entertainment Centre.

"At that support we got missiles absolutely pelted at us by all the fanatical Oils fans and so we were very nervous about returning to Melbourne and in fact we blew it the first time back there. We just played too fast, we were so nervous. We played at The Venue in St. Kilda and we had a good crowd of about 400 and we were very nervous, so we played a horrible set, much too fast and sort of crucified ourselves afterwards and the next time we went back and redeemed ourselves with a good set. Now each time we go back it just seems to get a bit better."

MANAGERS

"Our manager Gary Morris is a great buffer zone between us and the industry. He's wonderful because he just takes all the administration and business away and leaves us to worry about the music.

"He's said as much to us, you know he's said 'don't concern yourself with the money and the promoters and all that sort of stuff — just think about the band and the music', which is something we used to look after ourselves a lot in the early days, before we met Gary, and it was a very difficult thing to do — you know, to try and manage your own affairs as well as get up there on stage and strum out your stuff."

THE INDUSTRY

"Because we're sort of older and more mature now we realise that it's just a business like any other business. It's just as bad as the advertising business or the public service or something; I'm sure they're all pretty bad . . . a lot of sharks . . . a lot of good people and a lot of bad people."

Michael Weily, Cliff Griggs, Craig Bloxom Pic by Bob King

A ROSE BY ANOTHER NAME?

Who took the tattoo out of the rose? SCOTT HOWLETT who was in love with the myth and music of the old Tatts tries to come to terms with mid-80s streamlined model.

● Tatts '87: Scott Johnston, Tim Gaze, Angry Anderson, Andy Cichon

The night before I sat down to write this story, I took with me to a friend's place a copy of the Rose Tattoo compilation album *A Decade Of Rock* to compare the Rose Tattoo of yesterday and the professed Rose Tattoo of today.

Markedly, there is a difference.

In fact, Rose Tattoo, in the present guise, is something of a misnomer. What people know of the old Rose Tattoo is no longer valid. A reface has been actioned and the beat, albeit slicker and more commercial, goes on.

In the past the band was dangerous — lock up your dog type stuff. The band members, whether it be Digger Royal, Greg Jordon (a most amazing guitarist), Peter Wells, or the notorious and semi-legendary 'Rockin'' Rob Riley, were the essential rock'n'roll outlaws — they got drunk, got laid and got in fights. They were loud, obnoxious and, over and above anything else, entertaining.

Rose Tattoo's music of past years never relied on skill so much as it did on the way it looked. The band member's could all play their instruments, but that hardly seemed overly important. Plug it in, play it (never too) loud and who knows what will come out of the speakers, seemed to be the band's collective credo.

It was to quote a famous television character, and equally dirty animal, 'dirty, mean and mighty unclean . . . afraid of no one'.

And then, after too many nights spent in the gutter looking up at the stars, the band washed its soiled reputation. Whether through retrenchment or resignation, the bad boys — Royal, Wells and the beastly Rockin' Rob — left the band.

With it, Rose Tattoo lost its tattoos. Great remorse was expelled by bikies and denim clad bandits everywhere.

The incarnations of the band from that day forth had not the scars of a dissipated life emblazoned on their fair skin. Bass guitarist Geordie Leech remained with lead singer Angry Anderson, but the band, in the classic sense, was a shadow of its former self. The band, or rather Angry (the autocrat in this arrangement), did not hit the boards with the frequency of days gone by but the recorded output was still a viable entity. But no. In between the band's fourth album, *Southern Stars* (the last on the EMI Records label), and their next single, a remake of the Steppenwolf classic "Born To Be Wild," there was an extended delay. Likewise, Rose Tattoo's fifth album (the first on Michael Gudinski's Mushroom Records Label), *Beats From A Single Drum*, has taken a long time to be launched.'

And whereas with the old guard, any band who used a synthesiser or drum machine would have been regarded with contempt and disdain, today's now four-piece unit includes a member who says he doesn't mind Pseudo Echo, another who guested on drums with Melbourne-based teen band Kids In The Kitchen, and a lead singer who listens to Prince to hear what is happening in music.

Is nothing sacred?

Scott Johnston, formerly with such bands as Jimmy & The Boys and Outline, simply says: "The old Rose Tattoo is gone."

Bass guitarist Andy Cichon adds: "This is the band now, this is the new Rose Tattoo. We love the bluesy heart and soul of the old band, but now it is a new band. We're not the same guys and we're just making a new statement. Everyone now in the band (the other member is guitarist Tim Gaze) joined the band because they loved the heart and soul of Rose Tattoo. We didn t change the name because it still is Rose Tattoo, just with a different line-up, different members and different attitudes towards music. Anyway, the band is always going to be Rose Tattoo with Angry up front.

'Rose Tattoo is more diverse now. We're going to cross over to a much wider audience. We ll see a broader audience and they'll see a more diverse sound.

"You keep mentioning the old Rose Tattoo and the legend which surrounded the band members and what they did off stage, but as far as I'm concerned what goes on off stage is not important. The band still rocks and that's the only thing we're concerned about.

"It s time to get used to the new Rose Tattoo. A lot of people are saying to us that the band is very different, which it is, but they add that it's very good, which it is."

Scott Johnston emphasises that not only is the Rose Tattoo dead, but reincarnated and given a new life and body.

"The old Rose Tattoo is not a viable thing to do anymore," he replies. "It was time to leave that behind and time to progress. We just wanted to do what we wanted to do. The important thing to do is put out good records and do good shows — and that's what we do.

"The old days of getting really out of it and throwing up and being too drunk to play are over. There's too much money involved these days to worry if the band is going to even turn up. The days of Jimi Hendrix falling over on stage is not on these days in the music industry. The band now is still a rock'n'roll band but we've matured in our attitude.

"Forget about the old image and the old band. We're good lookin' guys. We draw chicks to the gigs instead of bikies."

THE SMALL BALD CHAP

Lead singer Angry Anderson was unavailable for this interview as he was completing his obligations in Melbourne with Australian super group The Party Boys. By the time you read this The Party Boys in its present line-up will be no more and Angry will then dedicate some of his time to Rose Tattoo.

I say 'some of his time' because over the last two years Rose Tattoo has been only one of the things occupying his life's time. The former lead singer of the boogie band Buster Brown has also filled in the spaces by getting married (he's also the father of an infant girl), acting in the movie *Mad Max III — Beyond Thunderdome* and taking on a job as journalist with the *Ray Martin Midday Show* on the Channel Nine network. Angry reports on youth issues and related subjects such as drugs and alcohol.

When I last spoke to Angry in January 1986, he said he had "f---in" had it with the music industry. "I've had it with the record companies, radio stations an agency jerks and the f---in' imbeciles who write for trashy rock papers and think their opinion changes the course of history. The rock n'roll industry is not the end of the world it is not the be all and end all."

From this, you can discern that Angry has, in a sense, matured. Angry, always socially aware, has now become socially conscious. He knows the rock music industry is insular and he's stepped out from its chains to take on a wider perspective. All well and good.

One of the things I've always admired about Angry is his belligerence. He knows what he knows, he thinks what he thinks and he says that he knows and thinks, honestly and without favour or concession to those he speaks with. Angry, in amongst the apathetic bunch most of us have become, is opinionated and stubborn. He stands out in the crowd. His lambastes have been well-documented by both the rock and mainstream media and they've hit home, sometimes embarrassingly, in many areas. His work in the fight against heroin abuse has been long and should be applauded comprehensively.

Angry's mule like has ruffled the hair of many. While loved for his convictions and single mindedness in certain sections of the music industry, he is despised by just as many of them — usually the ones he may have trodden on as a consequence of his travels and tirades.

One of Angry's protagonists is former Dallimore, Rose Tattoo, The Beast, Jimmy Barnes and now Mega Boys guitarist Rockin' Rob Riley.

Riley has only disrespect for Angry and the feeling is mutual.

Scott Johnston admits there might have been a time when Angry may have been hard to work with.

"I think he may have been harder to work with in the past only because he didn't really know what the rest of the band were doing at any given time. With the uncertainty of the other guys even turning up to the gigs, I think it would create in anymore the feeling of apprehension.

"Angry is more open minded than he used to be," Johnston added. "He's easy to work with, I think. Jeez, I've worked with Ignatius Jones (in Jimmy & The Boys) and compared to him Angry is a piece of cake. Angry is still fairly stubborn in his attitudes, but the rest of the band has found subtle ways to get around that," he says with a laugh.

BACK TO THE FUTURE

It's been since March this year that Rose Tattoo graced the pubs and clubs of Australia, and it won't be until January until you'll see them again.

Scott Johnston says Rose Tattoo will tour for several weeks in January and then in March support Texan-based three piece boogie band ZZ Top on their mooted debut Australian tour. Johnston adds that Rose Tattoo will include a keyboard player and a second guitarist for the tour. New songs and old classics will be played.

Seeing Rose Tattoo were noted in 1986 more for their lack of activity than their conquests and over work, I asked Johnston if Rose Tattoo was a full time band or a part time excuse to get together once in a while and play around.

"It is definitely a full time band," he says. "We took a long time because we wanted to hang back and get the record the way we wanted it. We had trouble with the cover for example and we had it changed a couple of times. Basically, we wanted to do what we wanted to do. Mushroom Records have been great in this respect. They didn't rush us to put something out.

"We wanted to put a lot of time in the album, become familiar with it and then tour to promote it. We could have been doing shows throughout the year and put a few dollars in our pockets, but we wanted to come back on the scene with new material to play instead of just the old stuff.

"In 1987, you'll be seeing and hearing Rose Tattoo play live quite a bit.'

Johnston added that Rose Tattoo will tour overseas this year.

But will the song remain the same? . .

THE FEELIES: The crazy rhythm kids are back

By Bruce Desau

In the rock and roll world of The Feelies, time itself seems to take on a different dimension.

"It's not that we ever split up, it's just that our gigs got further and further apart."

"Like *two years* apart"

I'm indulging in feathery banter with Glen Mercer (gaunt, guitar and most vocals) and Bill Million (curls, owlish specs and rest of vocals), together the nucleus and surviving members of the original Feelies line-up.

Devoted readers may remember their last LP, *Crazy Rhythms* (released on Stiff a mere six years ago), a collection of jerky angular pop that captured the David Byrne-preppy mood of the time. So stylish was it, it even recently appeared on the inner sleeve of Mr Taste, Nick-Heyward's new LP, wherein he is pictured with his oh-so-stylish record collection.

The same month, in fact, that The Feelies released their second LP, *The Good Earth* on Rough Trade, Zeitgeist or wot? However, the last six years have hardly been periods of total musical inertia for Mercer and Million. They earned considerable kudos by composing the soundtrack to the Richard Hell-featured punksploitation flick *Smithereens* and 18 months ago Jonathan Demme made *Something Wild*, a comedy thriller in which the Feelies play the band at a high school reunion.

The Good Earth is a more ambient LP than *Crazy Rhythms*, making The Feelies sound something like a stripped-down REM with greater Woody Guthrue inclinations. In fact the project was co-produced by REM's Peter Buck and in many respects there are similarities between the groups. Stipe's lyricism also seems obtuse at best, but Millions are often simply indecipherable.

Bill: "I find it really hard to talk about my lyrics . . . there is a definite folk element there, which concerns having a home base, er, roots. A lot of groups I really like, like early Rolling Stones, you never really knew what they were singing about but it didn't seem to matter."

In more than a couple of places they come also across as oh-no-not-another-bunch-of-Velvets-copyists.

Glenn: "Well, there are similar moments. Slipping (Into Something)' is the main one, although I'd say the only real influence the Velvets had on us were the drum patterns".

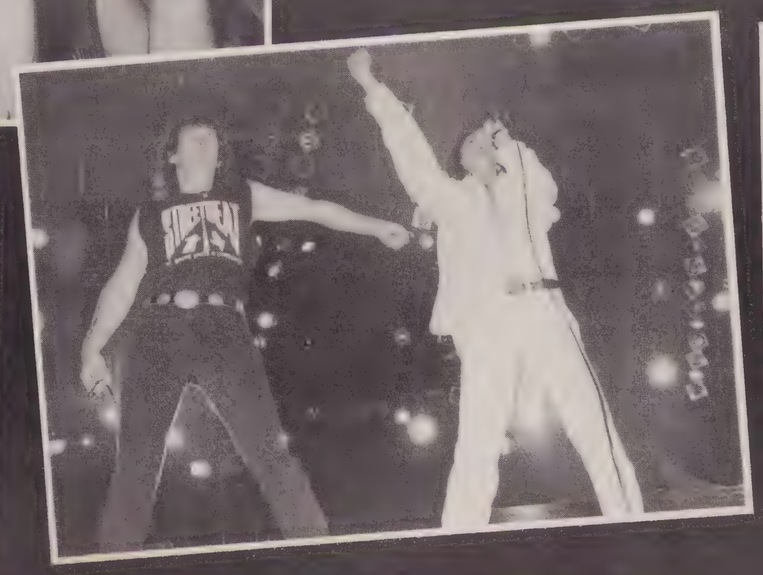
But when The Feelies take the stage, they come into their own. For all their denials, there is still a definite rock element in their set, doing away with the fidgety fumblings and finery of the vinyl versions.

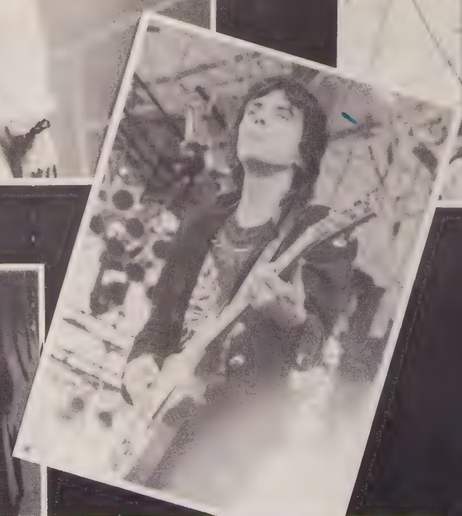
"When the Replacements toured, they rented an armoured truck. Pretty neat, huh? Do you think we can rent one of those in England?"

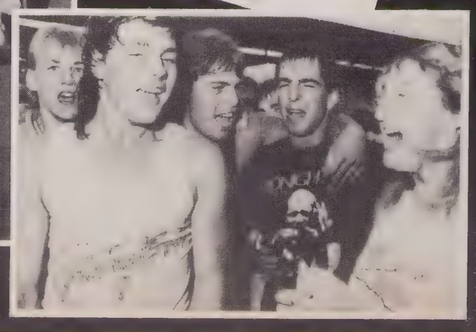
AUSTRALIAN MADE COMES ALIVE

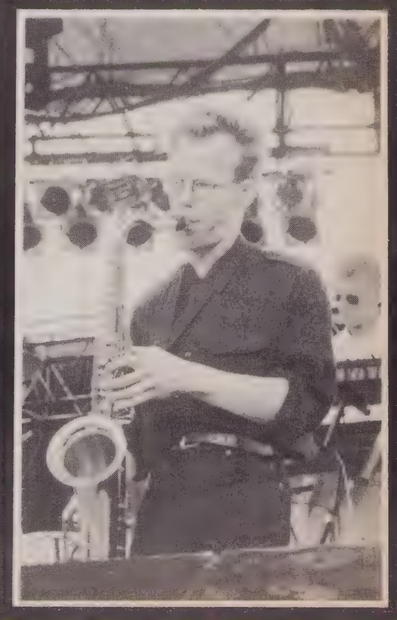
PICTORIAL REPORT By BYRON SMITH

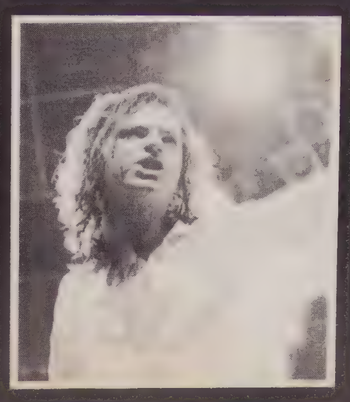
AUSTRALIAN MADE COMES ALIVE











Pssst! Harem Scarem give good harp. Pass it on.

HAREM SCAREM
Pilgrim's Progress
(Au Go Go)

Over the last nine months, Melbourne's Harem Scarem have been making subtle changes to their music. Not only *subtle*, but the *right* changes.

A lot of the obvious Americanisms have been weeded out. Harem Scarem have never been technical players: their placement of notes, dynamics and general feel have been the keys to their style, and they've retained that. What's more, the sparkling harmonica work of Chris Wilson has been brought in to gell the sound and give it greater drive.

So, OK, the Harem Scarem that recorded this LP is heaps better than the one that recorded the last one *Dogman*. Just as important is that they've been able to transfer their newly acquired knowledge and charisma. The rhythm tracks were recorded with producer John Archer (bassist with Hunters & C) live at the Prince of Wales, then overdubbed. Straight away, you get a blend of exhuberance and polish.

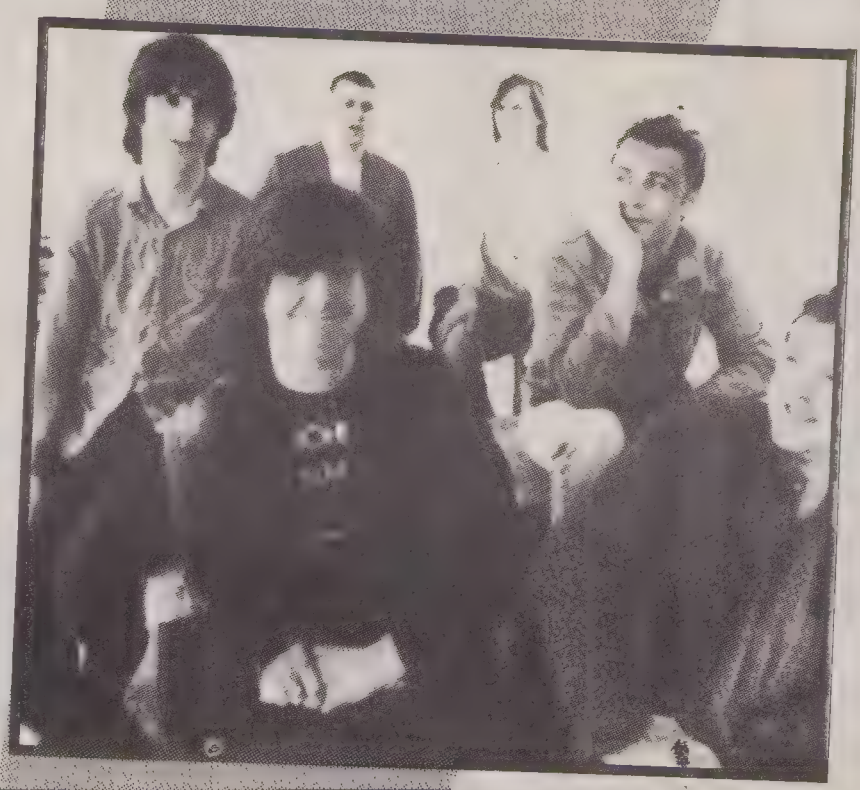
Side One, in particular works well for them. They throw their ideas out a little at a time, allowing them to be enjoyed and recognised, without sacrificing that all-important simplicity. The band weaves between a terrific roadhouse blues band on "Last Stand Man" and "Run On Down The Line" to more atmospheric works of "Lowdown" and a lovely rendition of Iggy Pop's "Open Up And Bleed" where Chris Marshall's 'black' vocals and Wilson's tasteful harpwork weave around the crisp emotionalism of guitarists Charles Marshall and Barry Palmer and the rhythm section of Glen Sheldon and Peter Jones.

The co-existence of two disparate styles on the same record turns out to be refreshing: they complement each other by underscoring the versatility of the band's musical imagination. The mood here is celebration and expectation: as the LP title implies, the lyrics are about the possibility of self revelation through being on the road and making music. Images of travel abound, adding up to a summons to high adventure — actual, imaginative and musical.

It's a pity, then, that after the achievements of Side One, the material on the other side lets it down. The title track and "Let Me In" boast some spectacular and sensitive playing but hardly stand up as songs. Other tracks like "Animal Tracks", "Hard Rain" and "Cold Change" are functional without rising above average or breaking new ground.

A pity, really, because *Pilgrim's Progress* had all the makings of a first class record. Instead, it's a tasteful and intelligent LP in search of an appreciative audience.

— CHRISTIE ELIEZER



The patterns of pop

WANG CHUNG
Mosaic
(CBS)

Slowly but surely, Wang Chung has developed a delightful, electro-boppy sound of its own. It surfaced briefly in its true commercial colors on "Dance Hall Days" (from the patchy *Points From The Centre* album) and crops up again on the more delving, durable 'Mosaic'. The endearing assault begins with the sly, softly-softly vocals of Jack Hues, reaches a premium through the streamlined, yet never over-emphatic keyboards work of Nick Feldman and has the issue sealed through cruising, chorus-bright songs that take mundane subjects like love and friendship away from the triteness of moon-June conclusions.

Just the opening track, the self-effacing romp "Everybody Have Fun Tonight" is enough to prove Wang Chung's confidence has increased to the point of good-natured cheekiness. A fine party-starter as well as album-starter, it makes way for some cerebral chin-ups on the appropriately-handled, pushy "Hypnotize Me" and the more irregular, soulful "The Flat Horizon". All these superior tracks are situated on side one as is the gloriously despondent "Betrayal" a clever dirge that would fit well into Police's precinct of pop.

Because of the high standard of the first side of *Mosaic*, side two can't help but seem like a poor relation in comparison. Nevertheless, a couple of tracks still sparkle intermittently like specks of gold in hard, rough rock. There's the raging, Grease-day R&R of "Let's Go" and the chomping, amplifier-statement of "Eyes Of The Girl" ensuring this *Mosaic* doesn't completely lose its intricate, wired-up patterns when flipped over.

— ROBERT VELLA

Dull company...

BAD COMPANY
Fame and Fortune
(WEA)

Life in the past lane ain't much fun, but that is where one-time heroes of hard, chartable rock, Bad Company seem to be stranded these days. Whilst the musical world has gone through heaps of revolutions and technological orbits since the mid-seventies when this outfit boasted it "Can't Get It Enough", nothing has changed in this company's prospectus. Other than the fact that the gloriously dishevelled vocals of Paul Rogers no longer contribute their kilo of gelignite to the rock explosion. They have been replaced by Mick Ralphs, who although competent, sounds like he is on the backward slope of the raging hill.

On *Fame And Fortune* more than that is necessary to turn the formula battle hymns into memorable rock prayers. Loud, guitar generous works like "Burning Up", "Fame And Fortune" and "Valerie" have their pound of pounding but barely a gram of melodic insistence. Strip them of their energy and you've only a ghost of a chance of remembering what they're like.

Even the ballads barely fill the necessary specifications of tune and timing. Of these, "This Love" inflicts a slight knick in the heart whilst "Long Walk" has a sauntering grandeur about it.

Fame And Fortune should provide neither to Bad Company. It is a dull, predictable load of past-tense pop that's been released too soon to have a nostalgia benefit and far too late to cash in on this band's first and only wave of success a decade ago.

— ROBERT VELLA

Three from six makes good

BOSTON
Third Stage
(WEA)

Shallow, trite, vacuous and appallingly middle-of-the-road will be words and phrases used by cynical journalists to describe this, Boston's third album.

However, what they will neglect to mention is that it is also entertaining and will please many people.

Boston are an unashamed UP pomp rock band. Their music is perfectly executed — there are no mistakes — and the overall direction is pristine. This is the sort of album people scoff at but then play when no-one else is around — that might be because they like it a lot or because they're too ashamed to throw-up in public.

Whatever, at least it's getting a reaction.

Third Stage, such as Boston's self titled debut album, which sold over 10 million copies (a history making feat) and contained the classic More than A Feeling *Third Stage* is overtly commercial and boasts the standard of vocal harmonies people associate with other corporate giants Chicago, Toto, Journey and Kansas. Superb.

Third Stage took six years to conceive and complete and, the album notes inform us, contains no synthesisers or orchestral instrumentation. (The album notes also tell us that all of Boston's four members are vegetarians and asks that if any people are interested in changing from carnivores to vegetarians to write to them. Thanks guys.)

This record is best listened to through headphones. In this way the listener will best be able to appreciate the music's exactness and will also negate other people's reactions who have not the desire to listen to Boston. Listening through headphones will rule out the possibility of cutlery being flung at the (un)suspecting listener.

As exact as Boston's music is, so too is their style. Critics — I keep mentioning them because I know many of them hate this sort of carefully rehearsed music — will mention that Boston have not progressed or deviated from their debut album. Indeed, in most instances, they'd be right, but I don't know if there is too much wrong with that. As songwriter, guitarist, producer and bass guitarist Tom Scholz notes: "Thanks to the several million listeners who've been waiting for a long time." An arrogant statement to be sure, but one well founded.

Boston realise their style has worked and has pleased these several million and, merely, they are doing it again.

I often have a go at band's not pushing the boundaries of their music and while I can accuse Boston of not progressing very much or adding to their style, they have pushed the boundaries in other areas — the production and the quality of the singing and aforementioned harmonies.

Indeed, Boston will be laughing all the way to their next album, despite the critics abhorrence.

— SCOTT HOWLETT

Warts and all . . .

SEMINAL RATS
Seminal Rats
(Mr. Spaceman Records)

At its most powerful, this seven-track slab of vinyl re-establishes Seminal Rats as one of Melbourne's more heavy set bands. Parading their skull-crushing chords and scalding lead guitar lines and despite their low-budget production, the Rats at times here achieve the kind of intensity and rhythmic momentum that some of the larger heavy rock/punk crossovers can only dream about.

As on stage, *Seminal Rats* functions mostly as a showcase for guitarist Mick Weber, who wrote most of the tracks here. Without his guitar crunch and speed, most of the songs wouldn't soar like they do here. "Rat Race" which kicks off the LP sees them jump headlong into the awesome power that they carry through "Truth Never Lies", "Nuggets" and, arguably the best track of all, "F.U.S.T." where Weber and co-guitarist Reuben Pinkster whip through some melodic arrangements and all but drown out Michael Harley's vocal onslaught.

"There's one way out of here" they scream during one of the electrical storms: it evokes images of a paranoia and rage that Seminal Rats capture for much of this LP. Mind you, it can probably be nothing more than a blur of witless noise to some. But for those who understand, this minority-appeal LP is easily satisfying, warts and all.

— ROBBIE COATES

Oh to be a Pommie in '86

THE THE
Infected
(CBS)

YES. I know. I *know* that since it's taken Matt Johnson over *three years* to follow the delayed-action finery of 'Soul Mining', I should've been prepared for anything. But. Christ. *Infected* has arrived into my world like a hawk into a dove-cote, like a motor cycle gang into a Quaker prayer meeting. I'll be honest, I'm shocked..

Shocked because *Infected* boasts a ripplingly muscled, near monumental, sound, the naked gleeful force of which would leave most current Britpop grasping for the smelling salts. Shocked because its lyrics refuse to glide, in the approved manner, in one ear and out t'other. And shocked (I've discovered, after dozens of plays) because *Infected* — to an eerie, ultimately distrubing, extent — is Britain, 1986 *trapped in vinyl*.

It's uncanny: in just eight songs Johnson has freezeframed a whole nation at a moment in time. All your favourite centres are here — AIDS panic ('Infected'), F1-11s ('Sweet Bird of Truth'), urban - for which read 'cultural' and 'moral' - decay ('Heartland'), Coca Colonisation ('Heartland' again and 'Angels Of Deception'), and the response, the easy retreat into the narcotically attractive, responsibility-free, world of the dehumanised ('Out Of The Blue'). If *Infected* were a report on a life-support case, any sane person'd pull the plug

In its sound, too, it captures *and is captive of* the spirit of the age. The seductive soft sell of 'Soul Mining' (leftovers from the indulgent, 28-per-cent-inflation, fool's paradise of the '70s) are replaced by a brash, blaring and painstakingly plotted post-electro swing. The noise of Bill Bragg is the last sad clank of a cotton mill engine, the last clink of clog on cobbled streets; the noise of 'Infected' is pop coming to terms with the Big Bang, with the M25, with the Welfare State being flogged for scrap, with a Britain whose national pastime is *alienation*.

Add to all this the fact that, with its pervading sense (almost celebration) of estrangement, dislocation, isolation and forboding (plus its sonic hugeness), *Infected* echoes the paranoia-junkie resignation of David Bowie's epochal 'Low', and it's obvious we're dealing with some pretty heavy shit. The question is — and it's one that was endlessly asked of 'Low' — what remains after the initial impact, my shock, wears off?

The answer to that will vary, naturally, from one burning blue soul to the next; for me, the lasting afterglow is one of detachment. Sure, 'Heartland', 'Sweet Bird' and 'Angels Of Deception' are cracking songs, but overall I find myself distanced, cold. Maybe it's my own over-pitched expectations of him, or maybe it's the calculated almost authoritarian, *perfection* of his new music, but somehow Matt Johnson's vision just doesn't *engage*. Where, say, Test Department's furious storms suck you in, make you part of them. *Infected* keeps you at arm's length.

And from there you can see that it's a (self consciously) important record — any British music so determined to confront the realities of its surroundings deserves that title, at least — but that, in the final analysis, living with *Infected* is like having one of those vast, mirror-windowed office blocks built across the road from your front door. You can't fail to notice it, and you'll be impressed, sure. But you won't grow to love it.

— DANNY KELLY

Striped sunlight . . .

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Conspiracy of Hope
(PolyGram)

Not only does the cause justify the means, the quality justifies the cause. Sure, blatant peace-pipe blowing and acute commercial acceptance are the concurrent themes on the eleven tracks of *Conspiracy Of Hope*. But if that will bring to prominence the value of Amnesty International, the organisation dedicated to the individual's rights of political and social freedom, then it's worth it. After all, this album is dedicated to Amnesty's 25th Anniversary. Actually, the standard of talent and tune is beyond reproach, and the album would sound just peachy even without a 'raison d'etre'.

To be sure, when artists with multi-faceted assets as Sting, Elton John, Steve Winwood and Dire Straits pull on a guernsey for the same side, losing just isn't an option. In order, these four acts supply "Strange Fruit" (the Billie Holiday standard), "Passengers", "Higher Love" and "Brothers In Arms". Alone, those tracks are worth the album's price plus a small donation to the cause.

Yet, more is to come. Howard Jones supplies, for the first time on an album, the classy re-working of "No One Is To Blame" (which listeners should not read as no-one is to blame for Amnesty's bitches about torture and imprisonment of political and conscience warriors) whilst Paul McCartney temporarily swaps his pipe of you-know-what for the 'Pipes of Peace'. Bryan Adams also clocks in with "Tonight" and Peter Gabriel sledgehammers through "Biko".

The fact that Amnesty International is still going after twenty-five years and indeed is busier than ever, is a sad reflection on today's corrupt and unjust world. If this classy and cluey disc can do something to focus in on this it will have achieved more than a dozen number one hits together. Or more than a dozen Reagan-Gorbachov summits.

— ROBERT VELLA

Trick back in form

CHEAP TRICK
The Doctor
(CBS)

Following their halcyon success of the late seventies it seemed that Cheap Trick could do no wrong as far as chart success was concerned.

Come the Eighties and very little has been heard of the band whose trade marks have always been searing guitar work, courtesy of leader and founding member Rick Nielson, and soaring vocals from previously unknown folk singer Robin Zander.

Although there have been a couple of albums released in the early 80's, chart success has so far eluded the band.

The Doctor if given airplay on radio and T.V., should rectify this situation. It's Cheap Trick's strongest and most consistent since 1979's *The Dream Police* and certainly marks a return to form for the band.

The set, produced by Tony Platt, is a tightly controlled, very slick collection of commercial power pop, with heavy emphasis on the power. The rhythm section of Bun E. Carlos (drums) and Jon Brant (bass) pounds merrily along as Nielson's inspired guitar work, swoops and soars in and out of some fine vocal work from Zander.

Side one grabs the listeners' attention from the very first note and doesn't let go. "It's Up To You", "Rearview Mirror Romance", "The Doctor", "Are You Lonely Tonight" and "Name Of The Game", combine to create one of the strongest collections of songs ever heard on a Cheap Trick album.

Side 2 is a touch disappointing, and opens with what I consider a strange choice for a single "Kiss Me Red". Although a good song it is not as commercial or catchy as the material on the previous side.

Cheap Trick have always treaded that thin line between heavy pop music and heavy metal and this album is a good showcase at just how adept they are at staying commercial, hard hitting and powerful without overstepping the mark and becoming simply another overly self indulgent heavy metal band.

A great album for those who like powerful pop music that kicks them fair and square in the face without breaking anything.

— NEIL O'DONNELL

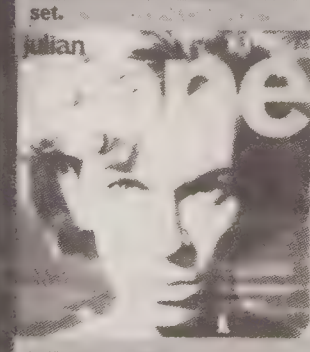
SINGLES

UNCANNY X-MEN
Nothing Touches My World
(CBS)
Melodic medium pacer with a hard-rock guitar solo pinning down the mid-section. But nothing terribly exciting or moving. Standard "song" rock that doesn't quite have the personality of this band's earlier stuff. Overly repetitious outro doesn't help.

CLIFF RICHARD & SARAH BRIGHTMAN
All I Ask Of You
(Polydor)
A hit overseas already, based on its pedigree as a tune from an Andrew Lloyd Webber musical I feel I should know about. Grand orchestral ballad heading straight into the heart of adult easy listening country. Delicate vocals by both singers, lots of soaring violins and gliding brass. That a wanky enough description for you?

JAMES GRIFFIN & THE SUBTERRANEANS
No Surrender
(Chase)
As before, a strong session lineup of well-known Sydney personnel. Griffin is into guitary rock 'n' roll with a kind of epic touch to the lyrics, working on several levels and delivered fairly deadpan. He goes against the temptations of studio slickness, and the session players (including Chris Masuak, John Lloyd, producer Peter Crosbie) come up sounding like his own band. Maybe they are — at the moment. Whatever, sturdy stuff from someone doing it his own way — and getting somewhere.

RED BOX
For America
(WEA)
Another of those songs casting an askance glance at lifestyle and politics, USA. Lyrics don't achieve much, but some of the difference is made up on the musical end. A pacey, flowing kind of studio track with some well wrought vocals, lead and backing. That's the problem — it sounds too studio bound. I get the feeling people are looking for the kind of spontaneity Bruce Springsteen reminded us was possible when he delivered his monster live set.



JULIAN COPE
World Shut Your Mouth
(Island)
Bit of a legend in his own lunchtime, Mr Cope. In the UK, anyway. He's taken the relentless snare tempo of the Motown sound and combined it with articulate lyrics. Shows that the boy's got spirit, if not the sort of production slickness that most other bands seem to put ahead of content these days. More power to him.

THOMPSON TWINS
Nothing In Common
(Arista)
From the movie of the same name, with Tom Hanks and Jackie Gleason. A reliable Thompson Twins track with all the slickness you expect from them after their previous success. Has the Thompson Twins vocal trademark all over it (surprise surprise), but for me the formula's too much your conventional movie theme.

MEL SMITH
Tremblin'
(Ten)
Smith is one of the comedians behind "Not The 9 O'Clock News", as well as his current summer tour on our own fair shores. Song's from the movie "Knights And Emeralds", and plunders the hallowed fifties rock 'n' roll era for its inspiration. Smith throws himself into the role of fifties rocker like he was born for it, and producer Pete Wingfield successfully manages to resurrect the spirit of the era around him. Sort of a masculine Shakin' Stevens.

KEVIN BORICH
World's On Fire
(Powderworks)
A mixture of sparse, funky rhythm work with genuine hard rock attack when it comes to the chorus. He still knows how to do it, the old Kev, and this record might help to remind people he's one of the enduring perennials of the Aussie rock scene.

BOOM BOOM ROOM
Here Comes The Man
(Epic)
The band's name helped get me intrigued for a start. Stylistically, a combination of synth bop (The Cars) with the vocal depth of one of my personal fab bands, The Psychadelic Furs. By no means an immediate hit prediction, but the song does have enough superficial gloss to prick up the ears first time. Whether the repetition ultimately renders it a non-event remains to be seen.

THE FLIES
Lunch
(Pagan)
Indie from Sydney. The Flies are a band who enjoy playing up on the drama of the song, toying with the lyric so it becomes something worth offering an audience. Influences are mixed, ranging from sixties punk to . . . well, to not much at all. They've actually cooked up a very original sound. Good on ya.

COMMUNARDS
So Cold The Night
(London)
Rhythmically just as upbeat and danceable as "Don't Leave Me This Way", and this time an original. Has a kind of haunting, ethereal subtexture that gives it a quality not unlike some of the early Bronski Beat songs. Particularly with Jimmy Sommerville's high-flying falsetto vocal. A brave follow-up to a hit record, considering how different it is. 12 inch also available.

BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE
C'Mon Ev'ry Beatbox
(CBS)
Material from the new LP. An adaptation of the old Eddie Cochran track "C'Mon Ev'rybody", with rap style DJ touches and a fairly loose usage of the original. To these ears not as interesting as those great singles from the first LP.

TROUBLE FUNK
Good To Go
(Island)
Word is, these dudes are about to combine with Julian Cope on future recordings. Could be interesting. Trouble Funk are what their name implies — more the funk side than the trouble, maybe. Great dance gear as only the experts can do it. A kind of succesor to rap music — all the punch, but with vocals more sung than spoken. Song's the title track to a new movie I haven't heard anything about yet. My copy arrived as a 12 inch.

reviews . reviews . reviews .

OVERLOAD

The original flowerpot men

DEVO
Best Of Devo, Vol One
(WEA)

How far can a band of grown men who wear flower pots on their heads go in the world of pop? Do I hear a cruel voice say as far as possible. Well, the five American wackers, Devo, have endured long enough to justify a greatest hits set. Or at least a *Best Of* compilation. The distinction is important, for Devo has never been sympathetically grasped by the mainstream of contemporary music and thus, apart from the grabby, jumpy "Whip It", its superior songs have never translated into monster hits.

The reason becomes obvious when one hears the cream of Devo's repertoire strung together. A kind of audio equivalent to the *Porky's* style of undergraduate humour, Devo's music runs strongly on the theme of cynicism, brashness and plain innuendo. That will never replace romanticism, warmth and time-sheltered cliches as pop's most dynamic device. Not even when the guitars are plucked as deftly and the percussion computer-programmed as imaginitively as is possible from these lads.

Amongst the 10 tracks on this upbeat (in rhythm) yet rather depressing (in message) album is, of course "Whip It", the equally cutting "Beautiful World" and the dopy (or should that be doped-out) "Peek-A-Boo". More traditionally based are avant-garde versions of "Working In A Coal Mine" and "I Can't Get No Satisfaction" plus the new 1986 track "Here To Go". (There might be hope for the band yet, if this racy, yet more sincere, newie is any indication).

At times, Devo sounds like a poor-man's Talking Heads but ultimately it falls short because it only has two lyrical modes — tongue-in-cheek or tongue-in-cheek or tongue-firmly-poking-out-at-the-listener. This cynicism eventually proves tiresome, if not mentally devo-stating.

— ROBERT VELLA

It's all in the timing

JOHN KENNEDY'S LOVE GONE WRONG
From Woe To Go (Redeye)
GIANT SAND
Ballad Of A Thin Line Man (Zippo import)

Both John Kennedy (Sydney) and Giant Sad (the US) have their faith in rock's back pages.

Kennedy's bag is urban country, a mixture of '50s country music set against the sirens and stress of modern-day living. Love Gone Wrong is one of these well mannered bands with its heart in the right places, an imageless band which has plenty of good things written about it but stretches at the memory banks.

From Woe To Go collects the eight tracks that Kennedy's cut in the last two years. It clearly shows how Kennedy tried too hard to put across the country, scaring the songs off with sterile, often claustrophobic arrangements. Even the much acclaimed "Miracle In Marrickville" stands out for its lyrics, not its music.

However, the later batch of songs like "You Brought It All Back To Me" and the redone "Big Country" must have proven to Kennedy that you can't hurry love, and that it'll come when it comes.

How odd that on its second LP, Giant Sand would try a song with the title "Can't Put Your Arms Around A Memory" (yes, the old Johnny Thunders song, which it destroys even more than Thunders did on his tour last year) when it keeps looking back at past music. They go for loud solos, angst-ridden visions and go no further past Dylan than the more obvious things like "Ballad Of A Thin Man" and "All Along The Watch Tower".

BRIAN JONES

Thief of parts

MANTRONIX
Music Madness
(10 Records import)

In the pantheon of '80s sound stealers, Matronix takes everything yet produces nothing, is cluttered up with far too much yet never enough, marks out reference points but not the spaces between. Their rampant digital blather moves to the fear-of-self future beat. Beneath the relentless barrage lies inner emptiness

There's nothing wrong with theft as a way to social justice and artistic equality. Spells cast by those as diverse as The Fall, Yello and Kraftwerk spring to mind.

Meekfrolics *steals*, but with the imagination of retarded sloths. Their heists of big-band tunes, the old *OGWT* themes and the inevitable dance favourites aren't new twists, emphasis or elevation; they're just throttled and beaten to a techno KO. Taking from the poor and giving to the even poorer? Sometimes theft is a sickening outrage.

When the steam ran out of punk, youth music's last feted 'street'culture, lamebrains like UK Subs became the figureheads. Now Manchronix is supposedly at the cutting edge of Hip Hop's noisic inventivity. At least the Subs et al have no pretentions about their worth. But it could only be a patronising and revisionist that hears this lot as sound pioneers

All I hear is a massive bluff. You buy the concept of the silent studio whizzkid and the spontaneous word-wise partner, but *ideas* come extra and are, by and large, absent. Where the brash Def Jam crew and the fiercely adamant Run DMC use metal and disco to stamp their own indelible identity, Hamphonix is stuck in a tunneled vision approach worthy of the most moribund rock music.

Everything is sliced into infinitesimal splinters, short attention span bleeps and fragments They're too busy fooling with smalltime studio trickery to control or dominate, too monotonous and repetitive to envelope the listener. They make a helluva noise, but what exactly they're saying is very limited

Fulfilling the most ghastly nightmares of what avant underground pop represents could be achievement, but the result is akin to aural epilepsy; not a holy war viral strain, more a genetic malfunction. Deconstructed or otherwise, melodies are thin on the ground. It's when there's the hint of one they work best, as on *'Music Madness'* and *'Who Is It'*. The latter's synth spiral comes from Suicide via Sigue Sigue Sputnik's 'F1-11''. Nice to know someone remembers *them*

Techno garbage men need to have heart and ability to recycle their booty, but Trashonics stamps out any insidious rhythm and sets incidental irritants as the jewels in its crown. As for MC Tee's supposed loquaciousness, his jaw-on-the-fan-belt raps match the blustering, over-excited approach of his partner, the boasts ringing with a hollow echo

Cramonix is a *now* sound but it doesn't give a personal foothold or makes any sense of the madness that surrounds. They just echo is slavishly. They say these recorded product shredders and post capitalist noise makers will one day be our only hope or aural nourishment.

I have seen the future, the future is starvation.

GAVIN MARTIN

FLIX

EDITED BY DULCIE JEAN

Have you never been yellow?

The new Dino De Laurentiis feature *Taipan* — starring Australia's Bryan Brown — may have been panned by overseas critics, but it is still expected to be one of 1987's biggest box office successes.

The film — scheduled to open in Australia in January — cost a staggering $30 million to make, and made history by being the first feature film to be shot in mainland China.

Taipan is based on the best-selling novel by James Clavell, and stars Bryan Brown as Dirk Struan, along with fellow Australian actor, John Stanton, as Struan's arch enemy Tyler Brock.

On its recent opening in New York, one critic praised the female lead, Joan Chen, but claimed the film was "Godzilla in a kimono", while another reviewer said it was "wretched almost beyond belief, a great bloated, soggy, sodden disaster, easily the worst film of the year".

Hardly the type of notices to put smiles on the faces of the producers and cast, but De Laurentiis is nonetheless confident of good box office figures.

Now back in Australia, Brown has said the hectic shoot on *Taipan* exhausted him, and said it was unlikely he would undertake another project which demanded so much of its cast. However, he enjoyed his experiences in China.

Said Brown, "It took Dino De Laurentiis' daughter, Raffaela (who produced the film) 11 trips to China before they'd agree to the film being shot there.

"The Chinese government was anxious that the Chinese people would be shown in a good light, which is understandable, I suppose. They stayed aorund a lot during the shoot, and they continually wanted things changed. But, on the whole, it turned out fine.

"When you work so closely with the Chinese people, you can't help but like them, and you start to understand them, even though their way of life is so different from ours. I did notice that they were incredibly curious about anything to do with Western civilisation. They're so far removed from it, and they want to know what goes on outside their own country."

And the only bad thing about the trip? "The food, definitely," said Brown. "It was disgusting. I just wouldn't eat it. We had an Italian caterer who prepared lunches for us, so that's all I lived on. I stayed rightaway from the local food."

Now that Taipan is finished, Brown is in South Australia starring in the SAFC feature, *The Shiralee*, recreating the role of the swagman, made famous in the 1957 version of the film by Peter Finch. (It's the second time Brown has recreated a Finch role; the first time was the TV mini-series, *A Town Like Alice*, in which Finch starred in 1956).

In The Shiralee, based on the novel by D'Arcy Niland, Brown plays the swagman McCauley, who roams the country with his 'shiralee' (an Aboriginal word for "burden"), in the form of his five-year-old daughter, Buster.

Once The Shiralee is complete, Brown is set to star in Bruce Beresford's new feature, *On The Golden Mile*, to be made in Australia early next year on a budget of $14 million.

He is also expected to fly to New York later in 1987 to make the sequel to *F/X*, again playing the part of special effects character Rollie Tyler.

DULCIE JEAN

NIGHTLIFE

Nightlife is Melbourne's own late night program hosted by Jennifer Keyte, it has the latest on nightclubs, movies, theatre and all the concert information. Watch Nightlife on Channel 10 every Tuesday night at 10.50 p.m.

TEN

VIDEOS

Bouts and pouts

THE STRANGLERS
Screentime
(CBS/Fox Video)

More so than most of the Old Guard, The Stranglers are at the centre of a fierce controversy about their current worth — is their mid-80s music actually BETTER or WORSE than their classic early LPs?

Anyway, as far as video is concerned, their later music translated better to this medium, which is why *Screentime* works so well. Particularly on "Always The Sun" and "Midnight Summer Dreams".

The Stranglers haven't lost their gift for unsmiling, but it's nice to see them take themselves less seriously as time goes by. The collection takes you in chronological order from "European Female" to "Always The Sun".

The Stranglers' never marketed themselves properly. No one appreciated their dry piss-take humour, and a lot of the things they said were grossly exaggerated by some journalists. Here they allow the videos to allow that humour to come through, which contrasts nicely with the sombre atmospherics of some of the music.

— BRIAN JONES

MARC BOLAN
Marc Bolan On Video
(CEL)

With "Get It On" and "Children Of The Revolution" hits again for new faces there's been a resurgence of interest in Marc Bolan. And why not? One of rock's better songwriters — or so he once described himself!

On Video is a collection of 17 Bolan videos, in all their glory. Video was still a fledgeling format in those days, and some of the sound is tinny, but nevertheless, Bolan PLAYED to the camera. He managed to convey his sense of charisma, his flamboyance and, yes, punky spirituality through the lens. Essential for glam-rock fans of the '80s, to see where the current crop stole a lot of their visual and musical ideas.

— ROBBIE COATES

Parking in memory lane

THE ROLLING STONES
The Stones In The Park
(CEL)

The Rolling Stones' appearance at a free concert at London's Hyde Park in July 1969 attracted a quarter of a million people. It was more than just the fact that the band were introducing a new member, Mick Taylor, and saying goodbye to the legendary Brian Jones who'd two days before drowned in his swimming pool after assumedly suffering an asthma attack.

In the late '60s, the Stones alone held The World's Greatest Rock 'n' Roll Band — a tag that they rather pathetically keep trotting out these days.

But back then, they deserved it. Mick Jagger was the most scintillating performer at the time, and after a period of fumbling with pop ballads and psychedelia, the Stones had gone back to the white rock they excelled in, shooting classics like "Jumpin' Jack Flash" and "Street Fighting Man" into the charts.

The Stones In The Park captures a hot summer's day. One can detect the excitement in the sweating crowd as they wait for the band to come on. Jagger talks about Jones, in one way saddened by the death of the man who helped form the band and in Europe was considered the LEADER of the Stones, and in another relieved that this sickly junkie who had forced the band off the road for almost a year had gone.

Backstage, Keith Richards jams with an obviously frightened Mick Taylor. I mean, how would YOU like to make your debut with a band in front of 250,000 people?

The Stones do their one and only rendition of Johnny Winter's "I'm Yours She's Mine" before blasting into "Midnight Rambler", "Satisfaction", "Jumpin' Jack Flash", "Honky Tonk Woman", finally bringing on a couple of African dancers and percussionists to help on "Sympathy For The Devil". The band sounds a mite rusty but splendidly raw, Jagger provocative in his Greek dress. Much recommended.

— SIMON MAYNARD

Pulling the plug

MAXIMUM OVERDRIVE
Starring: Emilio Estevez, Laura Harrington, Pat Hingle
(RCA Columbia Hoyts Video)

Suspense writer Stephen King makes his debut as a director with this twisted tale of maniac machines. The bulk of criticism of his work in the past has revolved around film makers not matching the power of his words with visuals. This time the finger can only be pointed at the man himself.

Maximum Overdrive starts at a frantic pace but unfortunately slows down all too quickly.

A rogue comet circling earth causes every machine to run amok. The humble auto bank starts calling customers choice names, an electric knife fires up and into the arm of a waitress, cans of drink become lethal weapons when shot out of their dispensers at high velocity. Cars and trucks start of their own accord and begin a mass hit and run campaign. The mere mortals have absolutely no control over them.

Emilio Estevez (Breakfast Club, Repo Man) stars as Billy Robinson. He is one human who is not taking this role reversal lying down, he fights back.

Maximum Overdrive has its best and most macabre moments in the first hour, after that it becomes a fairly bland tale of the human fightback. Predictably the goodies win out and things return to normal.

One outstanding feature is the soundtrack. AC/DC fit the bill perfectly, especially "Who Made Who". The effects team have done a pleasing job without going overboard.

Maximum Overdrive isn't a bad thriller, nor is it the most frightening thing you'll see all year, but it is worth viewing if only for the first hour.

— KEVIN HILLIER

DOWN AND OUT IN BEVERLY HILLS
Starring: Nick Nolte, Richard Dreyfuss, Bette Midler
'Touchstone Video'

Dave and Barbra are your average Beverly Hills couple. They are rich, neurotic and self centred. They have other problems, too. Their son is discovering his sexuality, normal enough for his age but he wants to be a she and their daughter is bordering on anorexia. Matisse is another headache, he thinks he's human which is quite an obstacle for a dog.

The problems become more complicated when a bum decides to suicide in their pool. Dave saves him and sets out to rejuvenate his wasted life. The bum (Jerry, played by Nick Nolte) makes himself right at home. The divisions in the house widen as Jerry starts to create some havoc.

There is no deep and meaningful message in *Down And Out In Beverly Hills*, it is played strictly for laughs. Unless you have had a humour by-pass you'll find plenty to giggle about in this film.

Richard Dreyfuss and Bette Midler are well cast as the rich couple, both handle their roles with flair and charm. Nick Nolte undergoes quite a transformation during the film and pulls it off with ease.

Little Richard may only have a minor part to play but he certainly makes the most of his screen time. Two roles worthy of note and praise come from Evan Richards as Max (the son) and Elizabeth Penn playing the maid. These two virtual unknowns steal quite a few scenes.

It would be remiss of me not to mention Mike the dog, he's a sensation.

Down And Out In Beverly Hills is definitely a top shelf selection. See it soon.

— KEVIN HILLIER

milestones . mile

January 12
1905 Tex Ritter is born in Texas
1926 Ray Price is born in East Texas
1941 Long John Baldry is born in London
1945 Maggie Bell is born in Glasgow
1947 Arlo Guthrie is born on Coney Island
1955 Village People's Felippe Rose is born
1963 The Beatles' "Please Please Me" is released

January 13
1961 Suggs (Madness) is born in Hastings, Sussex
1973 Eric Clapton returns to live appearances with a show at The Rainbow after spending two years cleaning up his heroin habit
1979 Donny Hathaway, black singer and arranger, best known for his work with Roberta Flack, commits suicide

January 14
1966 David Bowie releases his first record under that name, 'Can't Help Thinking About Me'
1967 Jimi Hendrix's first single 'Hey Joe' charts
1973 Paul Gadd, the future Gary Glitter, buries one of his previous stage personae, Paul Raven, dumping a coffin full of Raven records into the Thames

January 15
1929 Martin Luther King is born
1931 Chuck Berry is born in California
1941 Captain Beefheart (Don Van Vleit) is born
1967 The Rolling Stones appear on the *Ed Sullivan Show* to promote their new single, 'Let's Spend The Night Together'. Sullivan insists they change the words to 'Let's spend some time together'
1971 George Harrison releases 'My Sweet Lord'

January 16
1942 Barbara Lynn is born in Beaumont, Texas
1947 Sandy Denny is born
1973 Clara Ward dies
1980 Paul McCartney is put into a Tokyo prison when the local police discover half a pound of marijuana in his baggage

January 17
1943 Chris Montez is born in Los Angeles
1948 Mick Taylor (with the Rolling Stones 1969-74) is born
1970 Billy Stewart dies with three of his band when their car plunges off a bridge over the River Neuse, North Carolina

January 18
1918 Elmore James is born
1941 Bobby Goldsboro is born in Florida
1941 David Ruffin is born in Mississippi
1980 Pink Floyd's *The Wall* goes to the top of the American charts
1981 Wendy O'Williams, muscular singer with the Plasmatics, is arrested in Milwaukee, charged with simulating masturbation with a sledgehammer in front of the audience

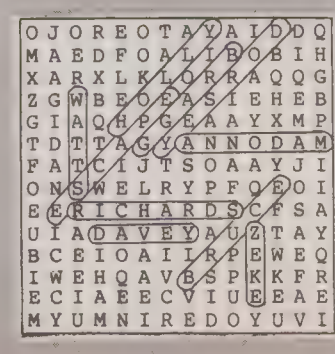
rockwords . rock

All you need to do is find and circle the words (they can run upwards, backwards, diagonally etc.) and the first three correct entries received will win a six month subscription to Juke. NB: Current subscription holders are ineligible.

1. After extended residencies in Melbourne and Sydney Midnight (group's second name?) are heading up to the NSW North Coast with the Warumpi Band.
2. (Group?) are being sued for $5.5 million by a couple of fans. Or rather, ex-fans.
3. Keith Richards has asked one of America's hottest R&B guitarists Robert (surname?) to appear on his solo LP.
4. With the current psychedelia rage, it's not surprising there's a revival of interest in Syd (surname?), the '60s genius who founded Pink Floyd.
5. The future of highly acclaimed Californian band, The Blasters could once again be up in the air, following the sudden death of guitarist Hollywood (second name?).
6. It looks as though David (surname?) will not be playing keyboards on the American leg of Iggy Pop's tour after all.
7. Paul (surname?) is about to tour Europe with a 20-piece band, most of whom appeared on the excellent Graceland LP.
8. Dire Straits bassist (first name?) Illsley is reportedly working on a solo LP.
9. Melbourne HR outfit Fair Warning are back in action with a new singer, (first name?) Franklyn and new bassist, Manni Fernandes.
10. Elvis (surname?) was born in Tupelo, Mississippi on January 8, 1935.

K	Z	O	I	N	V	E	E	E	S	B	I	B	E
F	I	E	H	K	U	C	A	V	C	Z	M	G	H
P	E	O	D	N	Q	A	C	S	A	N	Y	P	V
R	J	J	Z	L	J	E	K	E	K	D	A	O	K
I	H	G	A	J	O	R	E	P	N	T	R	I	X
W	G	F	L	E	I	O	A	I	O	T	C	P	U
O	A	F	J	I	U	S	E	S	M	E	N	R	F
O	T	L	O	G	O	M	I	A	I	R	F	E	Y
A	D	A	F	O	I	I	W	M	S	R	Z	S	J
L	C	H	R	D	K	T	O	X	S	A	P	L	A
E	S	J	A	A	A	H	B	W	T	B	W	E	A
W	V	O	E	P	J	Y	E	E	A	W	X	Y	P
E	E	B	Y	K	P	P	G	W	F	A	W	E	Q
E	A	R	A	H	A	I	D	U	A	M	A	Q	P

Last week's answers:
Bragg
Bruce
Davey
Dorsey
Escape
Holly
Madonna
Richards
Watts
Zeke



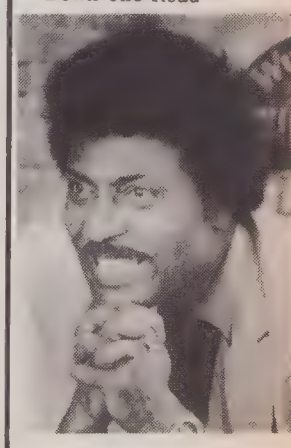
released this week

Singles

BON JOVI
Living A Prayer
RIC OCASEK
True To You
VAN HALEN
Best Of Both Worlds
HIPSWAY
Long White Car (7", 12")
CAMEO
Wind Up (cass-single)
GO BETWEENS
Lee Remick (12" EP)
GANG GAJANG
Initiation (7', 12")
THE LOVER SPEAKS
Every Cover Signs (7", 12")
MIGHTY LEMON DROPS
The Other Side Of You (7", 12")
GEORGIE FAME
Samba
THE ANGELS
Gotta Get Out Of This Place
THRASHING DOVES
Biba's Basement
VESPER WILLIAMS
Once Bitten Twice Shy
MARTY JONES
Chance Of A Lifetime
WRECKERY
No Shoes For This Road
THE FIRE
Rosemary Rosary
JEFFREY OSBORNE
Room With A View (7", 12")
LIMITED WARRANTY
Hit You From Behind
EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL
Don't Leave Me Behind (7", 12")
KOOL & THE GANG
Victory (7", 12")
ED KUEPPER
Also Spracht The King Of Euro-Disco
DIRE STRAITS
Twisting By The Pool (cass-single)
MONDO ROCK
Primitive Love Rites (12", cass-single)
KOO DE TAH
Missed You All Along
JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP/HOWARD JONES
Pink Houses/No One Is To Blame
COMMODORES
Gone In The Dark (7", 12")

Albums

ALBERT COLLINS
Cold Snap
ARETHA FRANKLIN
30 Greatest Hits
GIRLSCHOOL
Nightmare At Maple Cross
JUDAS PRIEST
Rock-A-Rolla
SERGIO MENDES
Brazil 1986
SOUTHERN LIGHTNIN'
Down The Road



LITTLE RICHARD
Lifetime Friend
BOB JAMES
Obsession
ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK
Star Trek
ED KUEPPER
Room Of The Magnificent
JOHNNY & THE DRIVERS
Homing In On Zero
COMMODORES
United

CREW CUTS

A name like CUTTING CREW implies a New York hip-hop band. Stu Coleman in London finds that the outfit behind "Died In Your Arms" is anything but.

There are two types of hit records.

The first type is the hit record which instantly captures your attention. There's something magical about it. You tell your friends to shut up so you can listen. It's exciting and evokes varying degrees of emotional response.

The other type of hit record is the song which is played so often that you're virtually beaten into submission. You'll find yourself singing the damn thing, even though you never really liked it that much.

Both type of records chart well, but it's the first type which are best remembered and which forge their own special niche in your existence.

In a year's time, when you hear the song again, it'll be like bumping into a long lost friend — you'll smile and remember the first time you met.

When I first heard a song by a band called Cutting Crew I knew I'd experience a Mark I type hit record. It was called "Died In Your Arms" and to this day I don't know what aspect of the ditty makes me like it so much. I just like it.

Objectively speaking it's probably a combination of a powerful melody [illegible] progression, skilful arrangement and superb production [illegible] make the song so appealing, [illegible] cares.

The brains behind the four piece Cutting Crew is a man called Nick Van Eede, who handles the singing, some guitar playing and most of the songwriting. He's been writing and recording music since he was 16 and it's taken nine years to earn a hit single.

Van Eede has toured with people like Leo Sayer, David Essex and Alan Price in a support capacity playing none other than a kazoo, an acoustic guitar and singing.

Born and raised in Sussex, Van Eede moved to Canada for a while when his band The Drivers took off in that country. It was in Canada that he met up with Kevin Scott MacMichael, who was playing in a band who supported The Drivers in concert. Eede was somewhat impressed by MacMichael's axe-grinding and diplomatically poached him from his band.

"I literally kidnapped him", Eede recalls, "I made him leave his band, his family and his friends."

It wasn't long after that the pair were introduced to drummer Martin Beedle, who'd been crossing the world as a member of a cabaret band on the QE2.

It didn't take much persuasion for Beedle to turf his sax and join the band, leaving only one person to be found to establish THE Group.

We finally found Colin (Farley) who was living the good life in a Spanish castle and working as a session player with a number of groups. After he joined and the band was born we decided that instead of doing the tour grind we'd try and have a hit record within a year and we made it".

"The success of the single has all been very exciting and we're only just starting to come to grips with it. It's so hard to fathom that a song I've written is being played on the radio in places liked Australia, Japan, America, Europe . . . all over the world. It's unbelievable".

The British-based outfit have a name which on first hearing could well be the label for a black hip-hop outfit. Cutting Crew as a name is not unlike The Get Fresh *Crew* or the Rock Steady *Crew*, but Eede explains that *he* was first.

"We came up with Cutting Crew as a name years ago, long before all these hip-hoppers started using 'crew' in their names".

The style of Eede's songwriting strongly reflects his influences. He admires the type of artists who inject considerable thought and care into their material and those who can squeeze the most from the latest production techniques. His favourites are Thomas Dolby, Steely Dan and Peter Gabriel.

"I can't really get off on a lot of the full-on disco stuff that's around at the moment. I can appreciate what Sigue Sigue (Sputnik) have done as far as marketing goes, but they're essentially the antitheses of everything I stand for. I'm into good, well crafted songs that'll stand the test of time".

THE NEW TRADITIONALISTS

RED GUITARS from North of England don't like their image. They are not avant-garde. They are not political. Hey, they're not even anti-American.

By Jillian Hughes

Coming from the solid North of England (Hull, actually) Red Guitars are completely traditionalist — and proud of it.

They say they're not into sparkling new haircuts or making the correct kind of "political statements" to get up the interest of the rock press.

Says guitarist John Rowley: "Maybe it has something to do with the fact that we come from the North, where there is still a deep-rooted respect for tradition and craftsmanship. But we as Red Guitars are completely traditional.

"Our music is craftsmanship. We play pop music and play rock concerts. We don't intend to innovate any great changes to the music business.

"We're not Sigue Sigue Sputnik — they claim to be making 21st century music, and of course they're getting a lot of publicity for it, and good luck to them for getting away with it. But their music is quite traditional: I mean, their '21st Century Boy' is just Chuck Berry all over again, with a couple of strange sounds thrown here and there."

Red Guitar are also lumbered with a kind of 'political' tag — but they impatiently dismiss that, saying they got that when they signed to Virgin Records in mid-1985, and the London-based rock press decided that any band coming out of the North (where times are hard and unemployment is the worst in Britain) had to be angry and lashing out at the world.

"That's bollocks! I mean, what politics means to the ordinary man in the street is different from the way the rock press see it. To the rock press and to a large section of the rock audience politics is a kind of '80s image — a group of musicians leaning to the Left and supporting all the worthwhile causes. That's rubbish!

"That doesn't make them 'political', that just makes them *worthy*. There's a big difference, you know."

Mind you, Red Guitars' new single "America And Me" (released early last year in the UK) is deemed to be political. With great guitar-pumped ferocity, they sing:

I saw the violence
But I still wanna be
An All-American Kid

"America And Me" is not about some love affair that any of the Red Guitars have with that country. It is, in fact quite the opposite. It bitterly attacks the way that American culture has permeated British culture, and caused a slight confusion within British people as to their real sense of identity.

As Rowley explains: "It's about someone who lives in England and is confused, because they're absolutely bombarded with these American images. Britain was once the most powerful nation in the world, and these days she looks and acts like some little wor sniping lackey for a nation that governs itself through violence.

"The song is not as totally anti-American as it's been made out to be. In a way, Red Guitars have been swallowed into it just as much as anybody else, and I think there's a kind of fascination on our part for such American images as Coca-Cola and hot dogs.

"It's when you tour outside England that you realise that American imperialism has taken over a lot of the world. Last year when we toured through Germany *(with our very own Do Re Mi, no less — ed)* and found that the Germans are so dumb founded about American culture that they've tried to recreate America in Germany!

"It's true! Some of their towns are the same as any American suburbs, very red-tiled, very clean, very neat. They all believe in American pie! The kids certainly believe in gross luxuries. Kids in England putt around in a small Honda 250cc, but those German kids aren't satisfied unless they're on a GPZ 9000 with turbo intercooling! It's a waste, but they get such a tremendous thrill about it!"

The single had a few problems when it was first released in England.

"It was released around the time of the Libyan bombings, and a lot of people thought we were singing about that situation, and made all kinds of assumptions from that."

There are some who'd snigger it's hypocritical of the Red Guitars (or any UK band, for that matter) to lash out at US culture, using American pop music as a basis!

"You're right, but pop music changed a lot since Chuck Berry invented it. The British actually adapted and changed a lot of that sound. They injected it with their own working class sense, gave it more of an identity, and sold it back to the Americans.

"It happened in the '60s, the Stones and Beatles sold it back to them in the '60s, and once again, bands like Culture Club and Wham! — whom I don't like all that much — took soul to them and sold it to them all over again."

Red Guitars still live in Hull, and have no intention of moving out.

The North used to be rich in the '60s, but the last decade and a half has seen poverty and despair creep in. That itself has given the Northerners a strength, something that is reflected in its pop music, whether it was the now-departed Comsat Angels or the current crop like The Smiths and The Fall.

"It's hard to live up in the North because there is very little money. But I'd rather live up here in the North than down in the South. There is a real air of superficiality about things, a real bourgeois mentality that I find sickening.

"It's funny when we go down there and talk to people. Londoners think there's something quaint and romantic about people getting thrown out of their homes because they can't pay the rent."

"It's uncomfortable to live here but it's *comforting*. There are still some very 19th century working class values at work — about pride in one's work, about being a craftsman. That's what Red Guitars are about — we adore the tradition of rock and roll music and we want to carry it on the best we can. In a lot of ways, we're probably *folk* musicians to a lot of these Londoners."

Is it possible for Red Guitars to remain independent without blanding out?

"We can only hope! But through 1985 and 1986 a lot of people DID bland out, and in a big way. It has a lot to do with this American pomp-disco craze we're going through. Also radio and TV are in such a sickening state, that even the most discerning people think that Dire Straits and Sade are the greatest things in pop at the moment!"

Do they buy a lot of new records?

"Sometimes. But the most decent LPs to buy these days are the reissues. That in itself is not a bad thing, but I wish the kids would see it as a nostalgic thing, and see it from a mid-80s view.

"I mean, they think they can only listen to a psychedelic record if they wear shades and drop LSD, or a Sam Cooke record with shades and pipes. You can appreciate nostalgia without getting in the whole nostalgia trip, for heaven's sake!"

WON'T YOU TAKE ME TO FUNKY TOWN?

The Communards are just one of the many political bands coming out of Britain. However, the difference is that they're successfully taking their cause to the ordinary person in the street. STUART COSGROVE talks to them about NOT preaching to the convert, and bringing gay rights to high-rating pop shows like "Countdown" and "Top Of The Pops".

"Most people thing *fellatio* is an obscure Italian composer."

Richard is the tall one, he's wry, intelligent and always reflective.

"We're not getting involved unless we can use words like f...k and blow-job."

Jimmy is the small one, he's forthright, dynamic and in the words of his native Glasgow he's as gallous as a pair of braces. They are talking about the British government's campaign to combat AIDS.

They are The Communards and, hyperbole apart, they are the most influential political pop group Britain has produced.

At the height of the national panic about AIDS and in full public view of the most morally Right-wing government since the war, The Communards stood at Number One in the pop charts with a modern disco version of the Thelma Houston classic 'Don't Leave Me This Way'.

They are gay, *out*wardly gay, generous in their support for Left-wing and liberation causes, and unlike nearly every group around them, they draw on sweeping orchestral instrumentation provided mostly by women musicians.

All other contenders, from male guitar bands like The Clash to black singer-songwriters like Gil Scott-Heron, exist in an *alternative* political vacuum. The Communards exist on a 15-million viewers a week pop show like *Top Of The Pops*; in the uncool but decidedly more effective arena of populism. And as The Communards appear on *Top Of The Pops*, B.A.D. do *The Tube* and insinuate that homosexuality isn't cool in '86.

Whatever way we look back at the year of fear, one irreducible fact keeps announcing itself — 1986 produced more 'visible' gay pop music than ever before. And most of it was visible in a comforting way. Glam, camp and limpwrist posturing was conspicuous by its virtual absence. The Pet Shop Boys made Number One with 'West End Girls' and later in the year, their remixed and customised Disco album gate-crashed the charts; Erasure confounded critical coolness to emerge as one of the year's unexpected successes with 'Oh L'Amour' and currently 'Sometimes'; House music broke out of the black gay clubs of Chicago into mediated international attention and a black opera singer, Daryl Pandy, retrod the stages of glam in a lime-green lurex top. 1986 was the year of The Communards, the Left's unstately homos, who never strayed far from the charts and ended the year with a triumphant British tour.

A thousand explanations have been offered — "the pink pound", "a new underground", "club music getting its just rewards", "people feel sorry for gays" and even "thick people like Hi-Energy and there are a lot of thick people around". Ask a cross-section of your office or neighbourhood and you'll get wisdom thinly wrapped in a gossamer of prejudice.

Somehow, the success of a gay pop has managed to bypass analysis, and whatever clues exist are to be found on the dance floor, where celebration takes place.

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Youth Affairs
Department of Labour
presents
Summer
in Motion
Saturday January 17
PSUEDO ECHO & VISUAL BEAT
THE MOVIE NO NUKES
$3 Leongatha Drive In 5pm - 11pm
Tuesday January 20
I'M TALKING & JOHN JUSTIN & THE THUNDER WINGS, NO NONSENSE PARADOX & STEROID BROTHERS
Free at Frankston V.F.A. Footy Oval 5 - 11pm
Sunday January 25
PAUL KELLY & THE COLORED GIRLS
PAINTERS & DOCKERS
Flinders St, Greensborough, Lalor, Laverton, Hawthorn, Caulfield
Saturday January 31
PSUEDO ECHO & MOLLY MELDRUM
"Rockin The Rails" Free at these country stations
GEELONG & BALLARAT
February 1
Maryborough, Castlemaine, Bendigo & Sunbury
DEPARTMENT OF LABOUR
NO ALCOHOL ALLOWED

Live on stage

The Bamboos/The Kryptonics/ The Stems/Swamp Monsters/ The Never Never/ Comedy Of Errors/The Marigolds

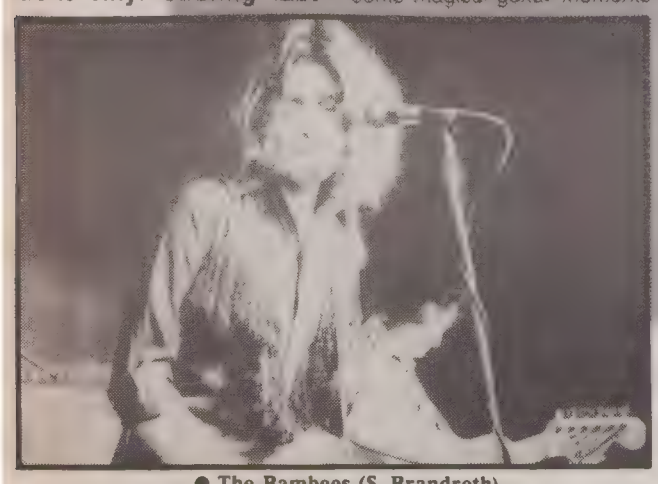
Venue: The Canterbury Court, Perth.

A supposed feast of original Perth rock and pop awaited a young under age audience at the Canterbury Court on this night. Most of the bands on the bill had released some sort of independent vinyl offering last year, or had secured the elusive east coast recording contract.

At the end of the night however, I was left to sadly reflect on the disparity in talent and showmanship existing between many of Perth's original bands.

Thrash and grundge has become the avenue for expression of many of Perth's younger bands and with it has come a nihilistic attitude towards entertainment and music itself. Unfortunately it became frighteningly more obvious why so many young original bands in Perth do not attract any record company attention or fail to gain a consistent following.

When I arrived in time to see **The Marigolds** take to the stage things looked set for a good night. Despite major line up changes earlier in the year, which saw bassist Mark Hemery moved to lead guitar, the Marigolds still continued to impress and delivered a brilliant set of songs with apparent ease. Hemery set the pace for the rest of them and provided some magical guitar moments with rhythm guitarist Dean Graham.



● The Bamboos (S. Brandreth)

The Marigolds' sound seems to have evolved from the roguish flipancy of the Undertones to something gently resting between REM, Tommy Keene and Mitch Easter's Lets Active. "Touch of You", which has been one of this year's WA college radio favorites, was the highlight of the set with the Van Morrison inspired vocals of Jamie Parry swooning the host of adoring young females.

In short the Marigolds were outstanding.

The fine pop music of the Marigolds was followed up by an equally good set by the current godfathers of Perth pop, **The Never Never.** Peter Busher and Simon Goodridge delivered the band's wares in fine style and showed what a fantastic and underestimated song writing force they are.

Goodridge possesses a cynical sixth sense and a equally acid whit, both of which permeate through The Never Never's material. "Not Enough Minutes", "Jacki Said" and "Bigger Than Texas" all exude a unique sound and style the Never Never have managed to capture.

Unfortunately The Never Never have discarded a swag of fine pop songs they were playing twelve months ago to air new material. "Far From Perfect", "Choices" and "Lifeline" stand as some of the band's best work but are no longer played.

The pop music of The Never Never is a sound sensation and deserves to be captured on vinyl and fed as brain food to the masses. **Comedy Of Errors** quickly put an end to the agreeable atmosphere the Marigolds and The Never Never had created. They were an abysmal blend of thrash and negativity, throwing caution and musicianship to the wind in an attempt to capture a holocaustic punk image. This bunch of weekend heroes fail to even make the bottom rung of anything resembling music and the best thing they could have for Christmas was a play school "Lets make music" set. Comedy Of Errors must learn that to play fast thrash or grundge, a la Husker Du, takes some sort of sound control and thought. I saw neither of these in the band.

The Swamp Monsters, were a little better, but eventually teetered and fell into the same basket as the Comedy Of Errors. They were for the most part very predictable, laborious and in general an insult to the intelligence. Only some blues based guitar riff's from their lead guitarist saved the Swamp Monsters being sucked back into the seething miasma from whence they came. Elements of R&B that did come into the Swamp Monsters' music were a minor saving grace, and it would pay the band to concentrate on these elements. A good cover of George Thorgood's "Bad to the Bone" was evidence that the Swamp Monsters were able to produce the goods, but sadly it was to be the only evidence. The rest of their music was pretty self damning.

The Stems were the biggest draw card on the bill after their recent signing to the White Label. And despite a run of good performances they were the biggest disappointment of the night. The band looked physically tired and battle weary after their stint in the studio with Allan Thorn. They were never able to capture the fire power that has set them apart from so many other Perth bands.

Tonight The Stems were very ordinary, although they occasionally did give their audience a glimmer of their real potential. "Tears Me In Two" and "Sad Girl" brought the dance floor to life and it was good to hear old favorites like "She s A Monster". This night however, The Stems were, if you pardon the pun, a little wilted.

The brief interlude from the grundge was ended with the arrival of the **Kryptonics**, who proceeded to throw the contents of a luminous stick over themselves and the crowd. The Kryptonics are like a walking Friday the Thirteenth movie and under the careful direction of song writer Ian Underwood have nurtured a sound that sets them streets ahead of any other grundge band in Perth. In essence the Kryptonics play a brand hard core pop that runs around like a chook with its head cut off. Their music walks under ladders walks across the paths of black cats . . . in all they were totally unpredictable.

It appears the Kryptonics are going from strength to strength, though at times some of the guitar feedback they use is purely clumsy rather than clever. It is only possible to take the music of The Kryptonics for short sharp periods during which you let their force ten banshee howl flatten you. They expand the senses with a brash concoction of hard grinding rock and pop and this night certified themselves as a genuine force to be reckoned with.

The Bamboos were left to close the show, but only went through the motions in order to get themselves to the end of the show. After recently having to find a new drummer, The Bamboos are still yet to hit their straps with the new line up. No doubt they will come good and they do have enough excellent material with which to work.

At times The Bamboos were discouraged by the lack of crowd response, but they never sounded like they ever wanted to give in. The Bamboos do have the musical goods, but this night had difficulty in mustering the rapid force with which they usually play. Overall the grundge and aimless thrash of Comedy of Errors and the swamp monsters was little more than an embarrassment, while bands like the Marigolds and The Never Never had done themselves proud. The most worrying factor that came out of this night was the sheer lack of professionalism in some bands. People wanted value for money and entertainment and instead, in many cases, got nothing that resembled a rock and roll show.

For many Perth bands like Comedy of Errors and The Swamp Monsters it is time to come up with the goods or get out of the industry

— SCOTT BRANDRETH

● The Stems (pic: Scott Brandreth)

Kim Wilde

Venue: London Town & Country Club

What's wrong with Kim Wilde? Not a great deal. Technically she's an androgynous pop star who for six years (and with some impressive career gaps) has made a string of attractive singles: 'Kids in America', 'Water On Glass', 'View From A Bridge', 'Cambodia'.

For most of '86, Kim Wilde was lurking in Marc Bolan-land (as in: "I know it's not hip, but her singles were bloody brilliant"), the forgotten child of the post-Punk '70s.

Like Deborah Harry of Blondie, she achieved success by making sexual inanity seem threatening. I always liked her for this. Wilde was a gauche performer with a classic early '60s voice, who actually took a lot of risks with her single releases. From 'Kids in America' to 'Cambodia', Wilde created an intriguing pre-Yuppie angst; her brother and musical arranger, Ricky Wilde, was the master of the minor chord.

But in late '86, in a pop coup which none of us music biz historians dreamt could come off, Kim Wilde re-launched her career with a trivial cover version of The Supremes' 'You Keep Me Hanging On'. Like every other single Kim and Ricky Wilde have released it's extremely insidious. One day you hate it — the next day you're singing it.

I really didn't think Kim Wilde could go wrong in a live setting. All she had to do was get a competent band behind her and drone out her angst-ridden white pop . . . alas, she blew it, her band appeared to think they were Bon Jovi, while Wilde herself showed a disdain for her audience bordering on the objectionable. She is colder than ice, which is what makes her such a bleedin' Yuppie. Only her peculiar sexuality (ie. the just-a-bit-weird-girl-next-door number), kept Wilde from instigating a full scale riot of boredom.

I was very disappointed by this concert. It was truly awful. But I still see a consistent future for Kim Wilde. She has a remarkable instinct for modern pop music, and a real ability to survive via an image which is really not at all in keeping with the rest of the WASP women in pop. It's no coincidence that both Wilde and Deborah Harry are back on to in late '86. Both these women turn desire back on their audiences, thus surviving with the minimum of personal involvement. The result is as successful as a Calvin Klein advert, and just about as demanding.

— JANE SOLANAS

The Reels

Venue: Tracks, Sydney

Something that flickers inside The Reels — perhaps a certain serenity of *ur* - poise — seems to guarantee the audience of otherwise hip popsters and straight sing-along types. Doubtlessly, young old Dave Mason is as unpresupposing an old charmer and posthumous Dada as you'll trip with inside this corridor of entertainment.

The Reels create their own world of what entertainment is about. They draw to it people who are predisposed to that kind of showbiz. They also draw to it people who not only would not in their entire lives admit to liking it, who probably *rejected* that whole style. They would frown upon the silliness of cabaret.

Except The Reels are not silly, they just give an appearance of silliness, delivered in a bemused shrugging yokum manner.

And what better way to see a pseudo-silly act like The Reels than a silly season show like *Reels By Candlelights*. Tracks was an unexpected venue, but everybody got into the spirit and did some great family singalongs. More than ever, The Reels as defined by The Reels is approaching the way things should be — a family act.

Reels By Candlelight wasn't as original as I'd expected. Basically, it was *Reels By Request* with a couple of Christmas throw-ins, like Lennon's "Merry Christmas (War Is Over)", Rolf Harris' "Six White Boomers", "Snoopy's Christmas" and "Santa Bring My Baby Back To Me". Whaaat! They missed out on John Farnham's "I Saw Mummy Kissing Santa Claus"!!!

Still, *Reels By Request* itself was worth the price of admission. At the moment, The Reels are on a 'nostalgia' kick through their re-definition of "Bad Moon Rising", and other songs that got The Reels touch included "Horror Movie", "Pleasure & Pain", "*The Avengers* Theme" (all performed by three, with a drum machine) with a touch of their own excellent "Prefab Heart" and "Quasimodo's Dream".

Aside from establishing themselves as pop fans who can dissect and reconstruct pop formats, an important aspect of The Reels show is to highlight how versatile and emotive Mason is as a singer.

In the past, The Reels have been so acclaimed for their pop songwriting and marketing ideas that Mason's voice has been overlooked. No doubt, there are a heap of other elements about The Reels that they've been surprised that the audiences and critics haven't picked up on, that they'll unearth through their various shows through 1987. Long live The Reels. If they didn't exist, would someone have to invent them? — MARK CROMELIN

Live on stage

OMD/The Wreckery

Venue: The Palais, Melbourne

If your head had been tilted at just the right angle, you would have thought two of OMD's horn players were having synchronised swigs from bottles of Fosters. Then, like me, you would have found your specs about halfway through the act and realised that they weren't in fact beer bottles, surprise surprise, but a trumpet and trombone both zealously being played by Neil and Graham Weir.

After about two years of touring with OMD, the Weir brothers are part of the furniture. The current six-piece line-up is completed by Malcolm Holmes on drums and percussion, Martin Cooper on keys and sax and of course, the co-founders of OMD, Paul Humphreys and Andy McCluskey.

During the first few moments before the band appeared, and the stage looked just like a surrogate maths classroom with huge white screens in your favorite shapes from eighth grade geometry, there lingered a fear that perhaps OMD's bubbling warmth, an integral part of their appeal on vinyl, might not be translated so well on stage. Synthesizer bands are supposed to be cold, distant and so up themselves they're inside out, right? But holy batmobile, Andy McCluskey was chirpier than Tweetybird on helium and Paul Humphries, hiding behind his Fairlight and Emulator ten zillion or whatever, was grinning (nowadays such an un-hip action dahlings) from ear to ear.

Most of the material held well, including McCluskey's trousers, amazing after what he put them through. Audience favorites such as So In Love, If You Leave and Locomotion were given an extra dose of elan through McCluskey's vigorous (to put it mildly) dancing. He took on the near impossible task of getting a reticent Melbourne audience to dance. That was finally accomplished, as per usual about five minutes after the last encore (ha ha).

Of the band's new material, lifted from their latest album the Pacific Age, Southern is the most outstanding. It's a collection of speeches from the late blacks' rights activist Martin Luther King, set to a very infectious, jivey backing track. Despite its instant accessibility, it probably won't be very popular with the American MOR radio programers who took If You Leave to their hearts, for obvious reasons. Although OMD's first hit was Enola Gay, you can expect accusations of bandwagon jumping if Southern is released as a 7".

OMD rarely slip into complacency, particularly not when it comes to their singles. However, their newie called We Love You, seems destined for that great vinyl junkyard in the sky, and no, I don't mean the Top 40.

Luckily for us, but probably not their landlords, The Wreckery have, proportionately, more talent and style in each of the members' little fingers than most young bands on the local scene, plus that quality of being depressing in a comforting way. Like jazz, theirs is the sort of music that's very hard to make money out of. More positive resemblances to jazz include their inspiration and improvisation, which at this stage are at an optimum level. The Wreckery's arrangements are stimulating, and, like wetting one's pants, give you a warm feeling minus the dry cleaning bill. Their forte is an ability to evoke subtle moods without sounding schlocky.

The only spanner in the works is a slight case of pretentiousness. The culprit here is lead singer Hugo Race. His Southern yowl is pitifully exaggerated. There are moments when Race gets well and truly lost in the music and a cross between a yodel and a catfight emerges from his tortured throat. Peter Mulholland got it right when he said it was "akin to a chicken bone getting stuck somewhere between his trachea and epiglottis," only he was describing Nick Cave. While Race is to be admired for his guts, you wonder how many glasses it would take you to screech out something similar. The sound does make you cringe, as well as doubt Race's conviction.

The Wreckery, on the whole, are sublime. With some more radio support, they should be able to lose their reputation as one of this town's best-kept secrets.

— ELISABETH LOPEZ

White Cross

Venue: Grosvenor Hotel, Perth

White Cross members originally hailed from Perth. They spent some time in Melbourne where they built up a strong audience who dug their simplistic pop and their unretentious fresh rhythms.

Back for a brief period, White Cross proved to the locals just how they'd progressed in their time East.

Naturally, as White Cross don't play AC/DC and Led Zeppelin covers, they don't have a thousand people queued up outside. They just have the discerning faithful. For White Cross it must be like playing host at a party when only half the expected guests arrive. They wage an extraordinary war against an empty atmosphere.

White Cross established their lovely pop reputation through a fine EP. Live, they accentuate that warmth in the music. They look so serious about what they do. They deliver a string of new numbers that sound as resilient as those on the EP, and demonstrate that White Cross still write serious songs that make you smile.

"Not One Of The Crowd" is one.

There's also my personal favorite "You're Not Alone" with some poignant lyrical phrases, made more so by Paula Henderson's wild-cat-moan saxwork.

Compassion without sentimentality, anger without self righteousness, pain without self-pity. Paul Mathur delivers the songs (alternating with bassist Nigel Harford): he doesn't force himself onto the audience, but comes across as a sort of nice guy who cares, the type you could get to like.

The audience is small but by now accustomed to large spaces to dance to. They utilise the empty air. White Cross are so irresistible you can't help yourself but dance.

White Cross are about anger and humor, love, sex and pain: without being stereotyped or cliched, they are about being young.

Go and see them while they are still so accessible.

— DOUG KESSELRING

Hep Cats

Venue: Armadale Hotel, Melbourne

Images come and go, the beat goes on. Whatever heroes, hopes or hates we young hipsters know or have are probably mostly recent. The pictures on the wall may not even come from the '50s rock era, just a hint at it. But what is it that's so timeless about the '50s rock era? You can't quite put your finger on it . . . a pose, a gesture, a shadowy profile.

The '50s rock: hips, legs, swing, voice, sobs, stomps, bop.

The Hep Cats are six whackos, two of them wielding saxophones and suffering from St. Vitus's Dance. One of them is called "Erik Planisek", an in-joke that would be lost to non-Melbourne readers. Planisek runs a fur shop and has the most maddening ad on TV.

"Planisek" would occasionally invite the audience to yell "hep". His mate's name was Gus Nimb. When they did their *Batman* theme, their fight simulation was more realistic than the show (this I say with such a straight face).

The Hep Cats recall a time in youth culture's history when Vincent, Berry and Presley unlocked a new music which was teen, which was fun, which had nothing to do with jazz or Doris Day, which for the first time suggested that white (music) could be right (music)

Their music recalls rock'n'roll instant appeal: the immediacy of the New Language, the rightness of the New Soundtrack. Their originals, penned by "Bruce Mansfield" (whoops, we mean, guitarist Gavin Charles) are uptempo and spontaneous. There are indeed some gems in the set like "Pushy Girlfriend" with its magical sax line, "Alright OK" and "Can't Get Lucky".

The Hep Cats are more than just good daggy fun. They evoke a world of thrills, mischief and teen problems, of brass in pocket, of leaving parents at home, or as Mose Allison so beautifully summed it up, "when a young man walked tall."

— PETER DONALD

Status Quo

Venue: Hammersmith Odeon, London

Twelve Gold Bars. It isn't a joke or a simplification — it's nothing more or less, than the way Status Quo (or QUO, QUO, QUO . . . ad inf, stomp, stomp, clap, clap, as they were repeatedly called throughout their one and a half hours on stage) play.

Live, it's more than just song after song of Quo boogie. They lean heavily on a blues riff, take it through the earliest rock'n'roll, on past The Doors, wrap it tightly around the guitars of Francis Rossi and Rick Parfitt, who then convert it into that Quo boogie. And that's it. Song after song after song.

Contrary to popular opinion, Status Quo are the most original band in the world because no one else sounds anything like them.

As this is the first of seven sell-out shows at the Odeon, there's not getting around it: Status Quo are a popular band. A popular chart band. Never having been a compulsive buyer of Quo records I couldn't, by any means, be called an authority on the band. That didn't stop me recognising 70 per cent of their set. 'What Ever You Want', 'In The Army Now', 'Rocking All Over The World' . .

God I knew them all. My only source? *Top Of The Pops.*

Rossi, Parfitt, and new bassist "Rhino" Edwards, do put on a good show and behind thousands of waving hands they look like superstars. Move a little closer, to the front, and they appear as they are — sweating, middle-aged men having a laugh. They were enjoying themselves so the crowd enjoyed them. This was pure family entertainment, certainly not heavy metal. All in all, despite the ease of listening, not my cup of tea. But then I never did want to be Prince Charles.

— STAN BARTON

CENTRAL STATION RECORDS

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Phone Greta (03) 654 3737

GARY MOORE — Live In Ireland $40
OZZY OSBOURNE — Bark At The Moon $40
RAINBOW — Live Between The Eyes $40
RUSH — Exit Stage Left $80
RUSH — Through The Camera Eye $80
RUSH — Grace Under Pressure $80
RAINBOW — The Final Cut $85
ROSE TATTOO — Decade of Rock $30
RISING FORCE — Live '85 $40
RATT — The Video $19.95
SAXON — Live $40
SAXON — Live Innocence $80
STATUS QUO — Live N.E.C. $40
STATUS QUO — End Of The Road $80
STATUS QUO — More End Of The Road $80
STATUS QUO — Preserved $55
STATUS QUO — Rocking Through The Years (26 Clips) $65
MICHAEL SCHENKER — Rock Will Never Die $35
SCORPIONS — Video EP $30
SCORPIONS — World Wide Live $40
SAMSON — Biceps Of Steel (Bruce Dickinson) $80
STRYPER — Live In Japan $80
SCORPIONS — Live Dortmund '83 $40
TWISTED SISTER — Stay Hungry $40
TWISTED SISTER — Come Out & Play $19.95
TRIUMPH — Live Metal For Melbourne '86 $28
BERNIE TORME — Tattooed Love Boys $65
URIAH HEEP — Easy Livin' $40
ULTIMATE REVENGE — Various $60
UFO — Misdemeanor Tour $45
VENOM — 7th Day Of Hell $40

VIDEO (VHS only — Beta will have to be ordered)

LIZZY BORDEN — Murderess Metal Roadshow Live $80
AC/DC — Let There Be Rock $80
AC/DC — Fly On The Wall $30
BLACK SABBATH — Live $40
BRONZE ROCKS — Various $26
BON JOUI — Breakout $60
DEEP PURPLE —California Jam $40
DIO — Live $40
DIO — Live At The Spectrum $30
GIRLSCHOOL — Play Dirty $65
ROBIN GEORGE — Dangerous Music $20
HAWKWIND — Live $80
HAWKWIND — Chronicle Of Black Sword $80
JIMI HENDRIX — Live Berkley $80
JIMI HENDRIX — Jimi Hendrix $80
JIMI HENDRIX — Learn Guitar $60
HEAR'N AID — Various $26
IRON MAIDEN — Live (D'Ianno) $30
IRON MAIDEN — Behind The Iron Curtain $30
IRON MAIDEN — Live After Death $45
TONY IOMMI — Learn Guitar $60
JUDAS PRIEST — Live $80
JUDAS PRIEST — Fuel For Life $50
KROKUS — The Blitz $40
KERRANG COMPILATION — Various $45
KISS — Animalized Live $80
LED ZEPPELIN — Song Remains The Same $75
MOTORHEAD — Live Toronto $80
MOTORHEAD — Deaf Not Blind $40
MOTORHEAD — Live 10th Anniversary Party $30
METAL HAMMER ROADSHOW — Anthrax Etc. $85
METAL CITY — Various $60
VANDENBERG — Live In Japan $85
WHITESNAKE — Live $40
WASP — Live $30
WENDY O'WILLIAMS — Live $40
WARLOCK — Hellbound Live $80
BREAKING METAL —Various $30
THOR — Live In London $45
THIN LIZZY — Live And Dangerous $40
CONEY HATCH — Video Singles $45
ALASKA — Live $45
ALICE COOPER — The Nightmare Returns Tour Programme $12

Note — Any person buying 7 or more full price import albums at one time, will receive either an Ozzy or Rising Force video free of charge. This offer ends January 31st. Interstaters welcome and so is Bankcard, Visa & Mastercard.

Gig Guide

The Juke national gig guide is Australia's most comprehensive weekly look at who's playing where — right across the country.

The service is completely free of charge and is available to all bands and musicians wishing to advertise their gigs.

All Gig Guide information must be lodged with Juke by 11 a.m. on Thursday mornings, for the following week's gigs (Monday to Sunday).

Please note, that under NO circumstances will gig listings or alterations be taken after the close-off time.

Listings can be posted, or phoned to Debra Baines on (03) 605 4228. They can also be telexed on AA30331.

Victoria

AFTER HOURS
14 Flight Deck, Essendon Airport, 15 Lincolnshire Arms Hotel, Essendon, 16 Royal Hotel, Ferntree Gully

ANDY TII
13 The Chevron, 17 Trakkers Inn, Sth Yarra

ASTRO'S
15 Central Club

AUSSIE MAYO
16 The Palace, 17 Barn Palais, Mt. Gambier

BANDIT
16 Duke of Edinburgh

THE BELIEVERS
16 Victoria Hotel, Brunswick

BILLY & FALLON
13 Botanical Hotel, Sth Yarra, 16 The Chevron

BLACK TOP BOOGIE BAND
17 Victoria Hotel, Brunswick

BLUE BRIGADE
17 Isabellas, City

BLUE RUIN
17 The Venue

CINDY BOAST
15 Mordialloc Hotel, 17 Greensborough Hotel

BOYS TOWN
17 Corner Hotel, Richmond

IAN BROADBENT
18 New Orleans Tavern

ARNIE BRUVERIS
13 New Orleans Tavern, 16 Zacs Restaurant

JOHN CAMERON
12 Ferntree Gully Hotel

NELSON CAMILLE
13,16 Ferntree Gully Hotel

CARMEN SUITE
16 Riverside Inn

GREG CHAMPION HOLLERS FOR A MARSHALL
13 Le Joke, 14 Lincolnshire Arms, Essendon, 15 Bouzey Rouge, 16 Middle Park Hotel, 17 Harp of Erin, Kew

CHANTOOZIES
12 Barwon Heads Hotel

MICHAEL CHARLES & BAND
14 Club Eureka

COBBERS
17 La Trobe University

COCKROACHES
14 Grainstore Tavern, 15 The Palace, 16 Club Eureka, 17 Middle Park Hotel, 18 Mentone Hotel

AMANDA COLLIVER
15 Moorabbin Hotel

LEX COOPER
15 Southern Aurora Hotel, Dandenong

HELEN COX
16 Turf Club Hotel, East Malvern

CROWDED HOUSE
16 Ocean Grove Hotel, 17 The Venue, 18 Corner Hotel, Richmond

DARE TO BE DIFFERENT
15 Chelsea Hotel

DISCIPLINE
16 Armadale Hotel, 17 Village Green

DRAGON
13 Lady Bay Hotel, Warrnambool, 14 Kangaroo Flats Leisure Centre, 15 The Palace, 16 Dorset Gardens Hotel, 17 Ace High Riding School, 18 Ocean Grove Hotel

FRANK DYER
14 Greensborough Hotel, 15 Elsternwick Hotel, 17 Ferntree Gully Hotel

EMPIRE STATE
17 The Venue, 18 Corner Hotel, Richmond

ESCALATORS
15 Panton Hill Hotel, 16 Parkview Hotel, Fitzroy

ESSENCE
17 Corner Hotel, Richmond

THE FABS
13 Bouzey Rouge Cafe, 15 Golden Gate Hotel, Sth Melb, 16 Madisons, City, 17 New Orleans Tavern, 18 Edwards Tavern

FATAL ATTRACTION
14 Music Station

MARTY FIELDS
13 Zacs Restaurant, 14,16,17 Lazar International, 15 Her Majestys Hotel

THE FLYING ZUCCHINI BROTHERS
15 Greensborough Hotel, 16 Mordialloc Hotel

FRANKIE J HOLDEN'S BIG NIGHT OUT
17 Miners Rest Hotel

THE GAS CATS
16 Madisons, City

GINGER MICK
16 Peacock Inn, Northcote

GO
14 The Tote

GRAFFITI
16 The Metropole

GRAND SLAM
17 The Mansion

GRAY WOLF
15 Bell St. Rock

MARCUS GREEN
15 Botanical Hotel, Sth Yarra

GYPSYS
14 Grainstore Tavern

CHERYL HANN
12 Ferntree Gully Hotel, 15 Shoppingtown Hotel, Doncaster, 16 Southern Aurora Hotel, Dandenong

HEP CATS
15 Club Eureka, Richmond

HEPILEPTIKS
15 The Tote

JON HOLLAND
13 Beaconsfield Hotel, 14 Ferntree Gully Hotel, 15 Quarter Club, Anchor & Hope, 17 Zacs Restaurant, 18 Somerville Hotel

BRENDA HORIN
13,14,15,16,17 The Regent Hotel, City

STEVE HUNTER
17 Turf Club Hotel, East Malvern

INCREDIBLE PENGUINS
14 The Palace, 15 Edwards Tavern, 16 Madison Sq. Gardens, 17 Intrepid Fox, Sth Melb

IN VOGUE
17 The Tote

JOHN JUSTIN & THE THUNDERWINGS
14 Club Chevron, 17 Corner Hotel, Richmond

KALIMA
17 Sydenham Hotel (arvo)

DAVID KRYCER
17 Sandringham Commodore

RICHARD LACEY
12,13,14,15,16,17 The Regent Hotel, City

RICHARD LACEY ENSEMBLE
12,13 The Regent Hotel, City

SHAUN LEAHY
16,17 Star Hotel, Sth Melb

JENNIFER LEE
13,14,16 Chelsea Hotel, 17 Ferntree Gully Hotel

LET'S DANCE
15 Brewster's, Essendon, 16 Flite Deck, Ess. Airport, 17 Splash Plaza Tavern, City Square

LIVING DELIGHTS
16 Centre Club Hotel

MAIN STREET
13 Lady Bay Hotel, Warrnambool

MAKES SENSE
17 Carlton Club

MARK & MEREDITH
17 Dorset Gardens Hotel

MARY'S LITTLE SECRET
13 Club Eureka

MAYBE AN OMEN
16 Cricketers Arms Hotel, 18 Pier Hotel, Frankston (arvo)

PETER McCUTCHEON
15 Sandringham Commodore

IAN McLEAN
14 Caseys Nitespot, Glenferrie

MENTAL HEALTH
13 The Tote

MEN WITHOUT SHAME
17 Bell St. Rock

MIKADO
17 Village Green Hotel, 16 Club Eureka

MOVING PICTURES
15 Ocean Grove Hotel, 16 Continental Hotel, Surrento, 17 Village Green Hotel

THE MUCOLAS
17 Carlton Club

MUNSTER TERRACE
15 Continental Hotel, Sorrento

NO CONTROL
13 The Tote

NO NONSENSE
15 Eureka Hotel, Geelong, 16 Central Club Hotel, 17 Hampton Hotel

NUBILES
16 The Tote

NUMATICS
13 Club Eureka (late), 17 Armadale Hotel

ROSALEEN O'BRIEN
12 Chelsea Hotel

PAINTERS & DOCKERS
14 Ocean Grove Hotel

PERSUADERS
15 Central Hotel, Brighton, 17 Inkerman Hotel, St Kilda, 18 Chelsea Hotel (arvo)

RIC PILCH
15 Royal Oak Hotel, Cheltenham

PSEUDO ECHO
14 Wool Exchange, 15 Cramers Nitespot, 16 Tottenham Hotel, 17 Leongatha Drive In, 18 Mentone Hotel

PSYCHE 59
17 The Tote

PUSH OF LOVE
16 Tottenham Hotel, 18 Mentone Hotel

MIKE REAGAN
16 Essendon Hotel

RECOMMENDED DOSE
16 New Argo Inn, Sth Yarra, 17 Royal Hotel, Ferntree Gully

THE ROAMERS
13 Garden Hotel, Sth Yarra, 14 Millers Club, Camberwell, 15 Corner Hotel, Richmond, 16 Clayton Inn, 17 Mentone Hotel

PETER ROBERTS
14 Ferntree Gully Hotel, 15 Dorset Gardens Hotel, 17 Mordialloc Hotel

RODENTS
16 Creole Club

SEPARATE TABLES
15 The Palace

SCHIZO SCHERZO
14 Melbourne Town Hall, 15 Myers City Store, Rooftop, 16 Corner Hotel, Richmond

SCOTTY & BILLY
12 Rovers Club, Camberwell

THE SETS
13 Music Station

SHINDIGGERS
16 The Venue, 18 Pacific Hotel, Lorne

SHOW OF HANDS
12 Club Eureka, 16 Moruya Surfair Speedway, 17 Magic Mountain

THE SIRENS
14 Melbourne Town Hall, 16 Sydenham Hotel, Richmond

SOUNDS LIKE
17 Delatite Hotel

SPANIARDS
14 Golden Trout Hotel, 15 Myers Rooftop, 16 Moonee Ponds Tavern, 17 Club Eureka, Richmond

SPY V SPY
14 Locarno Hotel, Horsham, 15 Barwon Club Hotel, 16 The Venue, 17 Mentone Hotel, 18 Club Eureka

STARTING WITH A
15 Melbourne Town Hall (arvo)

STATION TO STATION
14 Club Eureka, 18 Corner Hotel, Richmond

STONE CIRCUS
17 The Tote

STREET CAFE
17 Stamford Hotel, Rowville

SUNSET STRIP
15 Prince of Wales

SUZY & CHRIS
16 Ferntree Gully Hotel

THIRTEEN AT MIDNIGHT
17 Corner Hotel, Richmond

TINSLEYS LOUNGE LIZARD
12 New Argo Inn

TOUCH OF CLASS DUET
15 Grand Hotel, Mornington, 17 Marysville Hotel, 18 Berrick Hotel (lunch)

TOUGH & JONES
16 Greensborough Hotel

TREES
14 Wool Exchange

2 MINUTES 2
17 Club Eureka

TWO'S A CROWD
16 Great Northern Hotel, Carlton, 17 Royal Mail, Yea

VACATION IN HARLEM
17 Central Hotel, Brighton, 18 Anchor & Hope, Richmond

KARL VAN EST
16 Pier Hotel, Frankston, 17,18 Wool Exchange

VICIOUS CIRCLE
13 The Tote

VIOLET TOWN
18 Club Eureka

VIRGIN SOLDIERS
15 Bell St. Rock

VISUAL BEAT
17 Leongatha Drive In

TINSLEY WATERHOUSE BAND
16 Great Britain Hotel, Richmond

WEDDINGS PARTIES ANYTHING
16 The Venue, 17 Ace High Riding School

ADAM WESLEY
15 Pier Hotel, Frankston, 18 Somerville Hotel

WILD CATZ
17 Sherbourne Motor Inn

WINDSOR JAMM
12, Club Eureka, 16 Corner Hotel, Richmond

X Y Z
16,17 Embassador Hotel, Sale

THE ZIMMERMEN
12 Inflation, 18 The Tote

● **INXS headline the Australian Made concert on Saturday 17th at the Chandler Velodrome, Queensland**

N.S.W.

AMAZING WOOLLOOMOOLOSERS
15 Unity Hall Hotel, Balmain

BABY LOVES TO CHA CHA
16 Fannys Newcastle, 18 Unity Hall Hotel, Balmain

BIG BANG THEORY
16 Sylvannia Hotel, 17 Epping Hotel

BIG DEAL
17 Sheiks, Ermington

BIG GUNS
16 Metropol, 18 Leonards Tavern

BIG PIG
13 Tathra Hotel, 14 Canberra Workers Club, 16 Sydney Trade Union Club, 17 Sydney Cove Tavern, 18 Avalon Beach RSL

DAVID BOND
13,15 Caringbah Inn, 16 St. George Sailing Club, 17 Vicar of Wakefield, 18 Whitehouse Inn

BOP TILL YOU DROP
17 Unity Hall Hotel, Balmain

BOSTON NEW ORLEANS
14 Malabar RSL

BOZO BOYS
16 Whitehouse Inn, Kingsford

BROKEN SILENCE
16 Illawarra Leagues Club, Wollongong

CARBON COPY
17 Tinas, Seven Hills, 18 Richmond Inn

CARNABY STREET
17 Malabar RSL Club

THE CHALLENGE
16 Lucys Tavern, City, 17 Feathers, Crows Nest, 18 North Wollongong Hotel

CHARLOTTE'S WEB
15 Mosman Hotel
CLICHE
16 Shellharbour Workers Club
CLUB SKA
16 St. Marys Band Club, 17 Piccadilly Hotel
COP IT SWEET
17 Western Suburbs Leagues Club
CRYPTICS
16 West Ryde Hotel, 17 Illawarra Leagues Club, Wollongong
CUSTOMLINE
15 El Rancho Hotel, Eastwood
DAVE DEBS
18 Epping Hotel
DEJA VU
16 Harbord Beach Hotel, Harbord, 17 Mona Vale Hotel, Mona Vale
DE KROO BROS
17 El Rancho Hotel, Eastwood
DER STRAZA
16 Leumeah Inn, 17 Bondi Tram
JOHNNY DEVLIN & CO
15 Intersection Bistro, 16 Toongabbie RSL Club
DODGEMS OF DESIRE
14 Canberra Workers Club
DON'T PANIC
14 Shanneys, 16 Belmondo's, 17 Metropolitan Hotel, 18 Whitehouse Inn
DYNAMIC DUO
16 Tourmaline Hotel
DYNAMIC HEPNOTICS
13 Tracks, 14 Connections, 15 Bondi Tram, 16 Revesby Workers Club, 17 Auburn RSL, 18 Ettalong RSL Club
MARK EDWARDS
13 Newcastle Civic Theatre, 14 St. George Sailing Club, 15 Bondi Tram, 16 Fairfield RSL Club, 17 Shellharbour Workers Club, 18 Newcastle Workers Club
THE FISHERMEN
16 Mosman Hotel
FRENCH CONNECTION
14 El Rancho Hotel, Eastwood
FRESHIE JAZZ BAND
17 Epping RSL Club
GENERATION
13 Sheilas Tavern, 14 Cock N Bull Tavern, 15 Pennant Hills Inn, 16 Parramatta Leagues Club, 17 Croatian Club (morning), 17 Cabravale Diggers Club (arvo)
GOING PUBLIC
14 Hip Hop Club
GOLD ZEPPELIN
14 The Venue, 16 Sydney Cove Tavern, 17 Dapto Leagues Club
HEADFIRST
16 Sutherland United Services, 17 Hotel Manly
HEADS TOGETHER
18 Intersection Bistro
HIPSLINGERS
16 Landsdowne Hotel, City
HIPSTERS
15 Sutherland Royal Hotel
HIT AFTER HIT
12 Stallions, Parramatta, 15 Shanneys, 16 Hornsby RSL Club, 17 Stallions, Hurstville
IGUANA TWINS
14 Maxi's, Petersham Inn, 15 Mosman Hotel
I'M TALKING
13 Byron Bay Arts Factory
INSOMNIACS
17 Sutherland Royal Hotel
JOHNNY & JENNY
16 Parramatta Leagues
JOURNEYS END
14 Epping Hotel, 18 Highwaymans Hotel, Hornsby
JOYRIDE
17 South Sydney Leagues Club
JOHN KENNEDY'S LOVE GONE WRONG
16 Lansdowne Hotel, City, 17 Mosman Hotel
KOMODO
15 St. James Tavern
ED KUEPPER & THE YARD GOES ON FOREVER
16 Harold Park Hotel, 17 Uptown Circus, Newcastle
LABRADOGS
15 Sutherland Royal Hotel
THE LADYBIRDS
17 Western Suburbs Leagues Club
MIDNIGHT DIAMOND
16 Crescent Tavern, Fairfield
MIGHTY GUYS
14 Intersection Bistro
MISTER SISTER
16 Hilton Hotel, 17 St. George Rowers Club
MONDO ROCK
13 Stallions, Parramatta, 14 Canberra Royals Football Club, 15 St. George Leagues Club, 16 Fairfield RSL, 17 Shellharbour Workers Club, 18 Newcastle Workers Club
MOVING PICTURES
14 Wagga Aust. Rules Club
NIGHTFLY
16 Intersection Bistro
NIGHTMOVES
14 Hotel Bondi, 17 Dandaloo Hotel
NO WORRIES
16 Bull N Bush, Baulkham Hills, 17 Sylvania Hotel, 18 Bateau Bay Hotel
OCEAN BY OCEAN
15 Scandals, Campbelltown, 16 Tinas, Seven Hills, 17 Leonards Tavern
ONE MAN SHOW
15 Bull N Bush Hotel, 16 Alberts Tavern
ONE O'CLOCK ROCK
13 Epping Hotel, 15 Bondi Tram
PARTYBOYS
13 Marco Polo Club, Canberra, 14 Stallions, Hurstville, 15 Stallions, Parramatta, 16 Palais Royale, Newcastle
PARTYGIRLS
18 Leumeah Inn
PASS THE BUCK
16 Vicar of Wakefield, 17 Bull & Bush
PINKSLIPS
12 Kardomah Cafe
PORCELAIN BUS
16 Mosman Hotel
PSYCHOTIC TURNBUCKLES
17 Hills Inn
THE PUMP
13 Catalina Country Club, Batemans Bay
THE RAIDERS
16 Western Suburbs Leagues Club
REDGUM
12 Caloundra Civic Cultural, 13 Ballina RSL, 15 Pacific Palms, Forster, 16 Kempsey RSL Club
RUN RUN
17 Forster
SAVANNAH
16 DiDi's, Brookvale
SCREAMING TRIBESMEN
12 Byron Bay Arts Factory, 13 Park Beach Hotel, 16 The Venue, 17 Sydney Trade Union Club, 18 Leumeah Inn
SEVEN DEADLY SINS
14 Mosman Hotel
SHAKERS
17 Intersection Bistro
SHIKIRA
16 Sydney Cove Tavern
SHOW OF HANDS
16 Moruya Sufair Speedway, 17 Magic Mountain, 18 Camberry Fair, Canberra
THE 69-ERS
16 Sheilas, North Sydney, 17 DiDi's, Brookvale
SKOLARS
16 Sydney Trade Union Club
SNAKE
15 St. James Tavern
SPARKLERS
16 Sydney Trade Union Club
SPEAKEASY
14 West Ryde Hotel
SPLIFFS
16 Brookvale Hotel, 17 London Hotel, Balmain
PETER STANIS
18 Epping Hotel
STEELE BLUE
15 Malabar RSL
STOKER
15 St. James Tavern
SUNDOGS
17 Sutherland Royal Hotel
SWINGSHIFT
13 DiDi's, Brookvale, 17 Sheiks, Ermington
BOB TAYLOR QUARTET
16,18 Malabar RSL
TORRID ZONE
15,17 Hilton Hotel, 16 Rooty Hill RSL
TOUGH LUXURY
16 Selinas, Coogee Bay
UNCANNY X-MEN
13 Newcastle Civic Theatre, 14 St. George Sailing Club, 16 Mittagong RSL Club
VEGIMITE REGGAE
16 Bondi Tram, 18 North Cronulla Hotel
VENETIANS
13 Seabreeze Hotel
WANDERERS
16 El Rancho Hotel, Eastwood, 17 Brookvale Hotel
MEGAN WILLIAMS BAND
14 Sheilas, 16 Hip Hop Club, 17 Cousins
WOGANOZI
15 Brookvale Hotel, 18 Hotel Bondi
THE WRECKERY
14 Max's, Petersham Inn, 16,17 Kardomah Cafe, 18 Avalong Beach RSL
STEVIE WRIGHT
17 Bondi Tram
YARD ANIMALS
16 Sutherland Royal Hotel
YOUR FANATICS
15 Yamba Bowling Club, 16 Lismore Workers Club, 17 Hathead Bowling Club
ZIPPITY DO DAH SHOWBAND
14 Didi's, Brookvale, 15 Stallions, Hurstville, 16 North Sydney Leagues Club, 17 Tuggerah Lakes Memorial Club, 18 Pips International

Gig Guide

S.A.

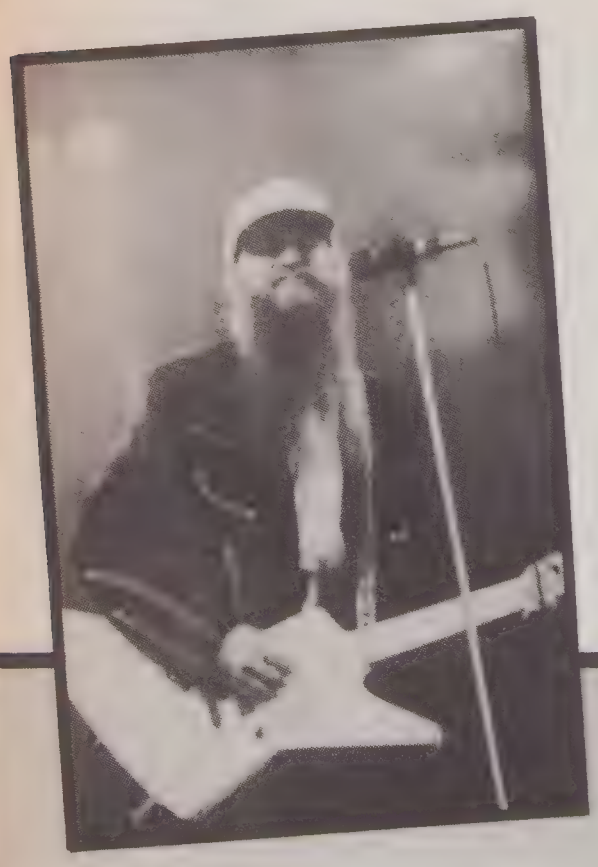
BAPTISTS
13 Tou Can Tou
BEAT PARTY
15 Tou Can Tou
BEGGARMAN THIEF
12 Findon Hotel, 15 Lockleys Hotel, 16 Ko Klub, 17 Hard Rock Cafe
BELIGUERENT SLAVES
13 Tou Can Tou
BIG CHICKEN
17 Limbo's
BONSAI CAT
14 Tou Can Tou
BRENTON & POLLY
13 Knickers
DR DAMAGE
16 Hard Rock Cafe
IMPRESSIONS
12 Botanic Hotel
JAM THE BOOGIE
14 Royal Admiral, 17 Ko Klub
JUST KIDDING
18 Limbo's
MANIA
17 Hard Rock Cafe
NUOVO A GO GO
13 Knickers, 16 Royal Admiral
RITZEE
17 Royal Admiral
ROCKY STAR
16,17 Limbo's
SHAKERS
17 Ko Klub
THOROUGHLY GOOD BLUES BAND
18 Bridgeway
URBANITES
14 Crown, Victor Harbour, 17 Oasis, Murray Bridge
WINDY CITY BLUES BAND
18 Bridgeway
WIZARDS PRISM
16 Hard Rock Cafe

W.A.

MAL EASTICK
13 Goggles Nitespot, 14 Tower Hotel, 15 Grovernor Hotel, 16 Shenton Park Hotel, 17 Swanbourne Hotel (arvo), Silver Slipper (night), 18 Old Melbourne, Perth
FLASH
14 Lynwood Arms, 15 Cargo's Niteclub, 16 Loverdale Hotel, 17 Maylands Hotel, 18 Peninsula Hotel
JOHN HEUSSENSTAMM AND THE ALLIGATORS
13 Backstage, 16 Mosman, 17 Bindoon, 18 Karrinyup

Queensland

AUSTRALIAN MADE CONCERT
17 Chandler Velodrome
HUXTON CREEPERS
14 Byron Bay Arts Factory, 15 Bombay Rock, 16 Roxy, Fortitude Valley, 17 Jet Club, Coolangatta, 18 Royal Mail Hotel, Tewantin
I'M TALKING
14 Bombay Rock, 15 Stuarts Hotel, 16 The Patch, 17 Australian Made Concert
KOO DE TAH
13 Jet Club, 14 Villa Noosa Hotel, 15 Glen Hotel, Brisbane
SMASHED JAFFA EFFECT
16 Calamvale Hotel
YOUR FANATICS
14 The Playroom



On tour

ZZ TOP
February 25: Olympic Park, Melbourne
February 27: QE2 Stadium, Brisbane
March 1: Sydney Entertainment Centre
March 7: Memorial Drive, Adelaide
March 10: Entertainment Centre Perth
March 14: Auckland Western Springs

EURYTHMICS
February 3: Brisbane Entertainment Centre
February 5,6,8,9: Sydney Entertainment Centre
February 17: Indoor Stadium, Canberra
February 21: Memorial Drive, Adelaide
February 24, 25: Perth Entertainment Centre
February 28, March 1,3,4,6,7: Melbourne Entertainment Centre

LIONEL RICHIE
January 19, 20: Melbourne Entertainment Centre
January 28, 29: Sydney Entertainment Centre
February 9: Brisbane Entertainment Centre

NEW ORDER
February 6: Bombay Rock, Gold Coast
February 7: The Roxy, Brisbane
February 9: Arts Factory, Byron Bay
February 11: Newcastle Workers Club
February 12: Enmore Theatre, Sydney
February 16: Thebarton Theatre, Adelaide
February 18: Festival Hall, Melbourne
February 20: Canterbury Court, Perth

MOODY BLUES
February 9: Brisbane (venue T.B.A.)
February 22: Sydney Entertainment Centre
February 26: Melbourne Entertainment Centre
March 6: Launceston Velodrome

KENNY ROGERS & DOLLY PARTON
January 29, 30: Perth Entertainment Centre
February 3, 4: Myer Music Bowl, Melbourne
February 8: King George V Stadium Glenorchy, Hobart
February 13: Westlakes Stadium, Adelaide
February 16,17,18,20,21: Sydney Entertainment Centre
February 23,24,25,27: Brisbane Entertainment Centre
February 28: Auckland Mt. Smart Stadium

STAN RIDGWAY
February 19: Thebarton Theatre, Adelaide
February 20: The Venue, Melbourne
February 21: Enmore Theatre, Sydney

TAV FALCO'S PANTHER BURNS
January 23: Max's Petersham, Sydney
January 13: Kardomah Cafe, Sydney
January 15: Chasers Go Fast Club, Melbourne
January 16,17: Prince of Wales Hotel, Melbourne
January 22,24: Piccadilly Hotel, Sydney

BANDWAGON

EDITED: BRYAN PATTERSON

Computers for Composers

To say that computers are a part of musicmaking is perhaps the biggest understatement since Noah said: "I think it's gonna rain."

The big boys of music — the recording and company professionals — have invariably discovered that they had to come to terms with software and hardware to survive.

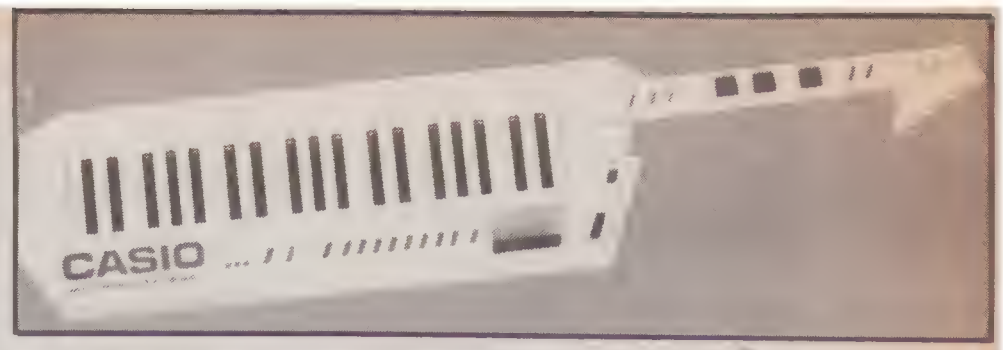
Most of the major computer companies now market music software of varying quality and prices.

And some computers are designed specifically for composers and arrangers. The Yamaha CX5M, selling for around $1100, was a hit when it first appeared a couple of years ago.

Now Yamaha has released the CX5M11, an updated verson with a few new facilities to match options put out by other companies.

It has 46 preset voices, a built-in SFG-05 tone generator similar to the ones found in Yamaha's DX symths and the ability to create new sounds.

With a keyboard added, the computer becomes a useful synth with eight-note polyphonic and a programmable split function. And, of course, MIDI enables the computer to be linked to sequencers, drum machines etc.



It can even be used as a word processor with an 80-character per line capacity.

The new Yamaha computer sells for around $1500.

Yamaha also has the FB-01 FM sound generator. It is designed for use with the computer or as an additional sound source for synths.

This is a four-operator, eight-algorithm generator with eight independent instruments. It can produce up to eight notes simultaneously.

You can set the FB-01 to be eight instruments play mono, one instrument with eight-note polyphony or any combination in between.

The 240 voice memories are preset in ROM (five banks of 48 voices) and 96 more voice memories are provided in RAM for your own creations.

Each voice memory can also store info for pitch bend, portamento, mono/poly and PMD controller.

REMOTE KEYBOARD

Casio has come up with the AZ-1, the keyboard you can play like a guitar.

The remote keyboard has cotrol over MIDI data with two wheels, two switches and one slider control that can be used to suit individual playing styles on stage.

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The full 41-key keyboard is built into a compact 3.8 kg design.

STUDIO CASSETTE

Akai's new GX912 is a stereo cassette deck made for recording studio use.

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At the heart of the unit is a microcomputer that controls the transport mechanism.

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The RCB-4 can store up to four micro series effects or two of the standard one-unit rack modules. The sturdy case is accessible from both ends, allowing easy connection to other equipment. It weighs 5 kgs (or 11lbs. to you oldies).

FREE DEMO

Roland products will be on display at The Grain Store (King St, Melbourne) on Tuesday, January 27.

Allans is presenting a performance by Chasing The Train, featuring the ample talents of Kirk Lorange, Kevin Bennett, Mark Myers and Ian Lees.

And on display will be goodies like the MC500 sequencer, the Roland digital pianos, the S10 and 250 sampling keyboards, the GK1 MIDI guitar and a stack of effects and modules.

The doors open at 7.30pm and a door prize of a Roland DEP5 multi effects unit will be given away.

For tickets and info, ring Allans on 654 8444, extension 314. Tell them *Bandwagon* sent you.

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Alesis Studio Electronics has come up with a smart name for its new digital reverb unit.

The XTC (ecstacy . . . get it?) has a 16Khz bandwidth and eight programs — the last four are a modification of the first four.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

"I think I believe in reasonably basic values, fairly uncomplicated and straightforward ones," confesses Adamson. "But I do like to think you should be able to move forward and keep learning and stay open and receptive to new things; no change for change's sake, but positive change . . ."

The ideal age for Big Country to have existed in would've been around the end of last century, the 1980s; you could have played to the fishermen and the coal miners, the ruddy-faced, bewhiskered turf gatherers . . .

"Actually, if you're talking in those terms, we would've been those turf gatherers and miners, and we'd be the musicians too. I do see a lot of different things in the group besides that, but I think it is a part of us, that sense of history and roots, and a sense of a music that is much older than 30 years, like rock 'n' roll. It's a nice idea, definitely."

Do you ever think you're too much of a romantic for your own good?

"Yeah, without doubt, I'm definitely overtly sensitive about things. I could never say that my life went along smoothly, it's always been dramatic peaks and troughs. But that's how I am and I accept it, and I enjoy it in fact, because it makes the peaks seem higher if the troughs are lower, y'know?"

You can picture him out in the fields in summer, driving a combine harvester with straw between his teeth, and somehow you can see him equally well in winter, by a blazing log fire with a dog curled up at his feet. I wonder which of the four seasons is Stuart Adamson's favourite.

"Well, I think my absolute favourite time of year is the late summer, when everything smells really nice and there's that sense of poignancy because all the warmth is over again. And I like it in the winter when it's sunny but freezing cold, I really love that, I think it's tremendous. And for a cigarette smoker, of course, it's ideal weather."

Well, naturally. So is smoking your only current vice?

"Yeah, but it's OK, I can handle it, although I would like to give it up one day."

As an adolescent, when you were a skinhead, were you then indulging in a vice of sorts?

"No, it was simply a fashion, I didn't even mean to get the hair done that way. I went for a suedehead cut, but it looked appalling, so I thought, right, off with the lot! And then it was out with the old Crombie and Doc Martens . . ."

And into what forms of mischief?

"Just hanging around street corners, shouting abuse at people, although at about this time I was beginning to get into bands anyway, around the start of the '70s."

The father of two children — daughter Kirsten and her elder brother Callum — is Stuart already preparing himself for the day his boy hits adolescence, the day his own flesh and blood discovers the appeal in standing around on street corners, yelling abuse at people? Is he dreading this oncoming mirror image of his own tempestuous past?

"I am a bit, I definitely am," he confides, wincing at the idea. "I mean, even since Callum's been going to school he's become far more independent. Obviously, it's nice to see him growing up, but it's a bit hard in a sense; they seem to need less and less of your time but more of your love, if you see what I mean."

Will you be a liberal parent?

"You're joking. I've never been a liberal in my life!"

Is there any way in which your son could turn out to be a disappointment to you?

"It's hard to say. I'll certainly not be setting my own goals for him, nor for my daughter, but I'd like Callum to grow up with a certain amount of compassion, I think, and a certain amount of understanding of other people. We'll just have to see how it goes."

Father

Stuart Adamson, husband and father, is a very happy man. Big Country are flying high both on the road in the charts ('The Seer', the present LP, is their third top-selling album in a row).

And then there's home.

Stuart paints a charming picture of life in the Adamson household, with his wife Sandra going about her own day-to-day business while he goes about his, both partners unhindered by traditional marital restrictions but always keen to rendezvous at the dinner-table come sunset.

Despite being a fairly unaccomplished cook, Stuart loves nothing more than being able to make something nice and have the whole family sit down and eat it.

"I take a lot of satisfaction out of doing something like that," he says.

What's more, he's already looking forward to taking his place at that very same table and being able to watch his children's offspring tucking into what might by then be referred to as 'Grandpa Stuart's Tasty Treat', or some equivalent cosy title.

Now there's a sobering thought.

"I think it would be pretty splendid to be someone's Grandad; I really find the idea of Sandra and myself being at the head of the family, at the top of the triangle, quite appealing. It would be nice to have that sense of continuity, the knowledge that you had given something lasting. Definitely."

Is it important to know that in 80 years' time, people will look through their photograph albums and they'll come across you and they'll say, That was old Stuart, he passed away, oh, around 30 years ago . . .?

"That's your Great Great Grandad, he did such and such . . ."

And he was a good man.

"Yeah, that would be nice — to be remembered as a good man."

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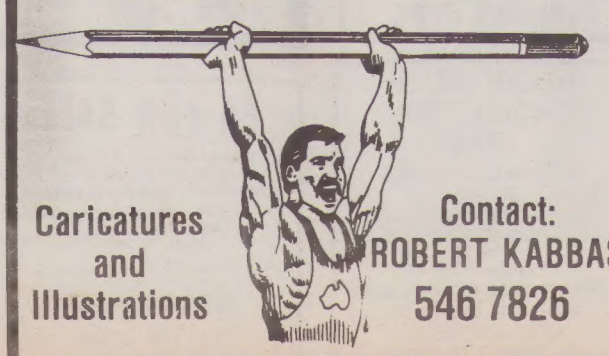
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● From Page 23

In 1986 gay pop colonised the charts, AIDS officially arrived in Britain and popular taste has forced the music press to re-evaluate DISCO.

If gay pop is roughly caught up in the politics of dancing, then we should probably begin with The Pet Shop Boys, the ironic duet who seized a golden opportunity in the slipstream that once was Wham! and made lots of money. Their *Disco* album — New York versions of their British hits remixed for the clubs by disco producers like Shep Pettibone, Arthur Baker and the Latin Rascals — seems on the face of it to be a public chronicle of the importance that disco has in the lives of gay men. Jimmy Somerville, the small one, is less convinced.

"I don't associated myself with The Pet Shop Boys. I've got a much closer sense of association with Erasure. The Pet Shop Boys still haven't taken that one step, publicly admitting they're gay, and that's the important thing. Until they do, their music will always seem calculated and economic. When they come out, when they dae that, I'll reassess The Pet Shop Boys. I still listen to their music, but I don't respect them. They have to be more upfront, it's their duty. I don't want to sound moral, but it is their duty."

BURN BABY BURN

Most people have problems with the word DISCO. The Americans, always first on the block when it comes to over-reaction, headlined the disco sucks campaign by burning 12" versions of The Salsoul Orchestra.

The word suddenly re-entered the language alongside *hippy* as a general term of abuse used by those who hated The Trammps 'Disco Inferno' in the '70s then did a complete U-turn in 1986 when Age Of Chance got their hands on it.

Let's be honest, DISCO has never been accepted as a musical genre; its sense of emotional melodrama and plastic popularity is too common, too obvious for those of us informed enough to listen to The Smiths. You see DISCO is not allusive: it is what it is and

therefore makes mighty bad material for bedroom contemplation. DISCO is too popular to be poetic.

Jimmy Somerville: "Disco has a totally different meaning for gay men. It has a totally different set of historical values. You have to be proud of what it means and you have to make it known. The Pet Shop Boys *Disco* album doesn't admit its relationship to gayness."

But maybe young closeted gays find satisfaction in The Pet Shop Boys without fear of discovery. Maybe they see Disco in different ways?

"Disco is about identification first and then it's about celebration. If there was never a gay disco scene there would never have been a gay community as we know it. It brought a movement of people together, it gave them strength, and anyone who dismisses disco is either ignorant of that history or worse still, they're homophobic."

The disco controversy of the year surrounded one Pierrepoint Morrissey of The Smiths *hangman extraordinaire*, the sensitive singer who wanted to burn down the discos. Surely his campaign, and his much respected 'gay sensibility' were in open conflict? What did Jimmy make of it?

"Morrissey should get his f...ing act together instead of sitting in his bedroom pretending he's Oscar Wilde. He's entitled to his point of view, but that burn down the disco shit is nothing to do with gayness or supporting the gay community. 'The Queen Is Dead'? That's a f...ing joke. This queen is very much alive thank you."

The Communards ended their devastating set at Glasgow's Barrowland Ballroom with a version of the Gloria Gaynor disco anthem "Never Can Say Goodbye", as the crowd threatened to demolish the ballroom, as if an old dance hall had no right to exist in the era of rejuvenated DISCO. There was a feeling of collective pleasure bordering on mayhem and the roof had every intention of collapsing on the heads of Scottish CND, whose table was doing a brisk trade near the Mars Bar shop. Jimmy Somerville told Glasgow he was glad to be home and dedicated songs to an ever-extending family.

But in the coach heading south to Newcastle he admitted to suppressed feelings of animosity towards Glasgow, the city that tried to terrorise gayness out of him during his school days.

"When I lived in Glasgow I took refuge in discos. It's impossible to underplay the importance. When I think back to Stonewall in New York and what that meant — gay pride and fighting police brutality — then I think about some of the commercial gay clubs in London it makes me sick.

"Like the Hippodrome, on a Monday night. I'd rather see that place shut down than be advertised as a gay night. I hate the idea of Peter Stringfellow stinging all them gay men for their money, just so they can escape for a night. It's great to escape but does it have to be on such tacky terms? Part of the problem is that none of the really big gay clubs are owned by gays. The day we get a big club owned by a gay that will be the climax . . . the ultimate orgasm."

Even the mere mention of London's Hippodrome sends feelings of polarised disagreement through the gay community. The club quickly organised gay nights on a Monday, a notoriously quiet night in the capital, hoping to cash in on the 'pink pound' economy. Yet, on a particularly tasteless Thursday earlier in December, the Hippodrome advertised a Bad Taste Ball, complete with their very own Rock Hudson Memorial Bar, pink gin and the worst AIDS joke of the year. And the same Hippodrome once sacked a bar waiter for being suspected of being a carrier of the AIDS virus HTLV3.

AIDS and DISCO connect like inseparable partners. The death of the DISCO producer Patrick Cowley, an early victim of AIDS, seemed to signify a special relationship between a musical style ("the sound of abandon"), a recreational space (metropolitan discos) and an oppressed community (the gays of New York and San Francisco).

Public ignorance of the AIDS virus, and general unawareness of the disease in Africa or its transmission through human blood, led the world to go blindly along with the born-again theory of "the gay plague", a moral revenge in which DISCO played a Hi-Energy version of Sodom and Gomorrah.

BOLSHEVIK DISCO

The special relationship that exists between DISCO and the gay community is enshrined in two classic books from gay America. Andrew Holleran's *Dancer From The Dance* celebrates the lives of a group of young gays who meet in the early '70s, before the AIDS epidemic gathered momentum, a group "bound together by a common love of a certain kind of music, physical beauty and style — all the things one shouldn't throw away an ounce of energy pursuing, and sometimes throw away a whole life pursuing".

And *Faggots* by Larry Kramer — author of the award winning AIDS play *The Normal Heart* — takes a more cynical and worldly view of DISCO narcissism and a mockingly critical look at the bitchy world of gay penis contests.

In a book populated by surreal characters like Randy Dildough and Mr Long Dong, Kramer hints at a widening fear of promiscuity and unsafe sex, alerting us to the unspoken belief that the disco — a place of gay pleasure and celebration — was also a place of casual sex where a virus could spread. Almost inevitably, AIDS and DISCO met in public confrontation. Donna Summer, undisputed queen of the Munich Disco Machine, turned to fundamental Christianity and described AIDS as God's visitation on the gay community, a theological revenge for lives lived in promiscuity. Meanwhile, another DISCO star, the black San Franciscan Sylvester, dug deeper into the communal resources of the west coast gay community and headlined countless benefit concerts in support of AIDS research. Jimmy Somerville looks back on both of them with the tolerance usually reserved for heroes.

"She's got a new audience now, all them bible thumpers in the American South. She just spouted a lot of shite about gays, but her records exist in some sort of isolation from all that. I could never pretend that I smashed my Donna Summer records. I thought about it and I was angry enough. But I couldn't do it. Smash 'I Feel Love'? *Please*.

"Gay records have more importance than the people who sing them, like Sylvester's 'Mighty Real'. When I saw him sing that on *Top Of The Pops* I was sitting in my mum's house in Glasgow. He was brilliant. I thought, this queen is going to influence my life. He probably did. Naw. He *definitely did*."

The Communards fly to Boston this week to appear at an AIDS benefit concert and then return to Britain after a short US tour to begin work on AIDS information here. The media coverage of AIDS — "I'd Shoot My Son If He Had AIDS, Says Vicar" — scorched Britain like a blindingly ignorant sun and brought the group to a higher and more urgent realisation of their gayness. It smashes *The Daily Mirror* which grotesquely referred to AIDS as "the disease of Sodom" and to homosexuals as "Sodomites". Richard Coles sees being out as of more historic importance than ever.

"When people are blaming gays for AIDS and the end of civilisation, you are under an obligation to be counted. It's no good taking a stance like The Pet Shop Boys. No matter how private a person you are, AIDS has forced gays to be public people."

And what of the public space of DISCO? Are The Saint, Paradise Garage and Heaven part of the problem rather than the celebration?

"AIDS must never be allowed to de-sex the community. It must never be allowed to force a retreat from clubs. I'm worried about the way people are pushing celibacy — 'Stay in at night, you never know what you might catch' — it's an issue about safe sex, not celibacy. It's about sensible precautions."

The Communards have an exemplary record as a gay political pop group. Their music connects outwards to other struggles and other forms of social liberation. But anti-apartheid records like 'When The Walls Come Tumbling Down' and the deliberate use of Bolshevik tongue-in-chic images on their current album cover, refer less convincingly to political movements far from home.

The *real* tension comes on songs like 'Forbidden Fruit' — a whispered tune about sexual otherness — and 'So Cold The Night', their current Top Ten hit. As Jimmy stands centre stage, with Sarah Jane Morris providing both vocal and moral cover, he is singing about a secret love back in Glasgow, a boy he watched undressing through a council house window on a cold Strathclyde night. 8.65 million Britons, mostly straight, regularly turn on their television sets to watch a young gay watching his fantasy lover. If you are thinking of an ABC-TV type show and some ghettoised slot after the eleventh hour, think again. You have just watched *Top Of The Pops*. The Communards take gay imagery to the most populist stage: where Jimmy Saville stoops to conquer.

Television and gay imagery will be less codified when The Communards work on a series of AIDS public service announcements for Scottish Television as part of the national campaign to raise consciousness about the virus. Somerville — *hey Jimmy* — is still a staggeringly authentic image of the young Scot on the rempage: "STV is doing this series of public adverts about AIDS and we're getting involved. But I hate the government's campaign. I think it's awful. You open up a paper and it's all screaming melodrama . . . "Who are you going to give AIDS to this Christmas?" . . . It's not about getting people's compassion or sympathy. It's typical of the Tories, it's all about scaring people. As two gay men it's important that we get involved. We come to AIDS from a totally different viewpoint: not exactly victims but certainly scapegoats."

THE ITALIAN BLOW

AIDS has turned language into something of a national issue again. Should words be liberated in the interests of national health? Should morality take precedence over the flow of information?

Should condoms (great name, shame about the smell they leave on your fingers) be advertised on television?

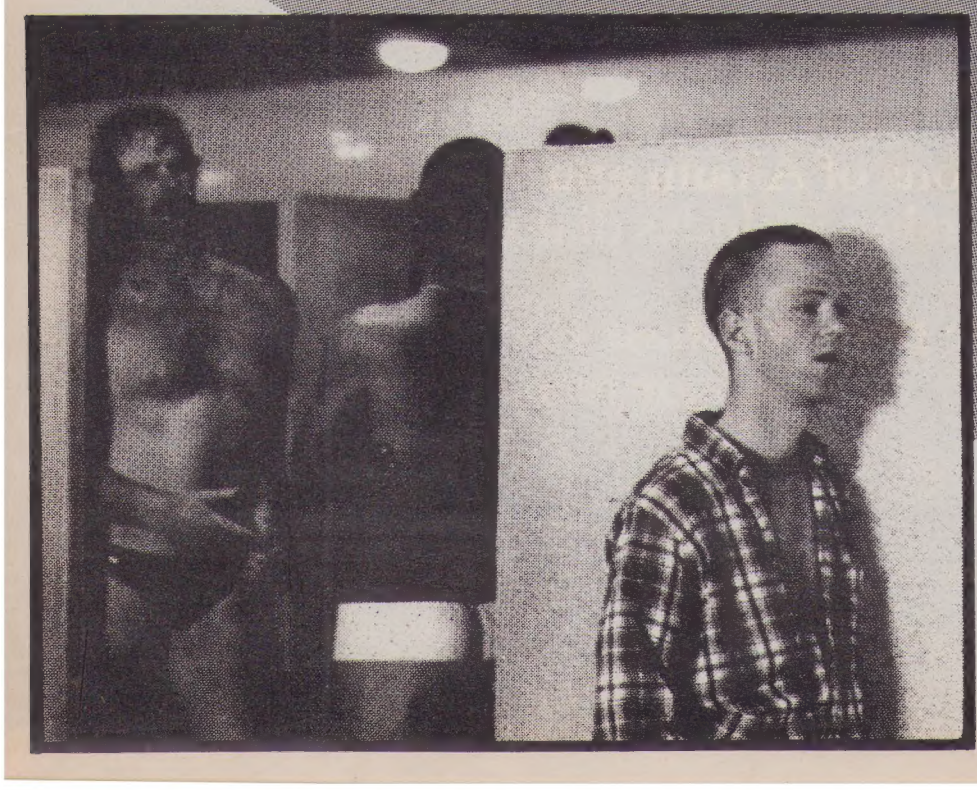
"It's good that they've got it together to target the campaign at the age group it should be targeted at. When people open a paper, they don't want to be warned about *fellatio* or any other Italian composers, they want everday language. It's not a question of morality, it's one of humanity, saving peoples lives is much more important than whether we offend Mary Whitehouse. The word is blow-job."

And should the campaign be extended to include pop videos and the multiple screens of uptown discos? Richard, sensing another opportunity to send up even the most serious subject, takes on the persona of a classical musician.

"Frankly, you'd have to ask Jimmy about discos. All thos hectic nights at Heaven. I was indoors at the time learning my scales and reading about Italian composers."

Jimmy Somerville couldn't imitate a classical musician if you paid him. Yet again, the Glasgow accent nails him to the real world.

"He means *fellatio*. When I was dancing ma tits off at Heaven he was at home getting a blow-job. Nae wonder society is collapsing."



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